

The Metropolitan.

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MEMOIR OF ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.*

JOHN CARROLL, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, was the son of Daniel Carroll and Eleanor Darnall, and was born at Upper Marlboro', Prince George's County, Maryland, on the eighth day of January, in the year seventeen hundred and thirty-five. Daniel Carroll, the father of our illustrious Archbishop, emigrated from Ireland when a youth, together with his family, who were compelled to abandon their native country on account of the persecutions there waged against their religion, and shortly after his arrival in the province of Maryland engaged in mercantile pursuits. Eleanor Darnall, the mother of John Carroll, was a native of Maryland, and a daughter of Henry Darnall, a wealthy Catholic gentleman of the province. She was educated with every care in a select school at Paris, and was highly remarkable and admired for her profound piety, and for her varied and elegant accomplishments. The virtues of the mother were deeply impressed upon the character of the son, and gave a charm to his long and useful life. These pious parents encountered great obstacles in the education of their son. Catholics, whom persecution had driven from Catholic Ireland, encountered even in Catholic Maryland the cruel tyranny of persecution; Catholic schoolmasters were hunted down by the law and its officers, and Catholic parents were prohibited from educating their children in the faith of their ancestors. But the zealous Jesuit missionaries of the province had established at Bohemia, a remote and secluded spot on the Eastern Shore, a boarding school for youths, where, without observation, the rudiments of a classical and Catholic education were imparted. Here the youthful Carroll, his illustrious cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Robert Brent, Esq., were entered as scholars in the year 1747. In the following year the three students were sent to Europe and placed at the Jesuit College of St. Omers in French Flanders. During the six years of his collegiate life at St. Omers, our youthful Carroll was ever distinguished for his piety, good example, his close application to his studies, his ready and brilliant talents, and for his gentle and amiable deportment. In 1753 he entered the novitiate of the So-

* Compiled from the Memoir of the Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, by B. U. Campbell, in the U. S. Catholic Magazine of 1844. &c.; Biography of Archbishop Carroll, by John Carroll Brent; and from some original sources.

ciety of Jesus, and in 1755 was removed to Liege to make his course of philosophy and divinity. In 1759, being then in his twenty-fifth year, he was ordained in the holy ministry, and in obedience to the injunction of our Divine Lord, he gave his patrimony and all his worldly possessions to his brother and sisters in America, and in poverty took up his cross to follow Christ. Having served as professor at St. Omers and at Liege, he was received as a professed father in the Society of Jesus in 1771. During the year 1772, and part of 1773, he made the tour of Europe as tutor to the son of Lord Stourton, an English Catholic nobleman, and in July, 1773, was made prefect at Bruges, whither the Jesuit Fathers, expelled from St. Omers and Watten by the orders of the Parliament of Paris, had removed their college. While Mr. Carroll was pursuing a life of study and meditation at Bruges, the Society of Jesus, of which he was a devoted and zealous member, was suppressed by the brief, *Dominus ac Redemptor*, of Pope Clement XIV, dated July 21st, 1773, and published on the 16th of August of the same year. The brief of the Pope reached Bruges in September, and plunged in the most profound grief the members of that illustrious and calumniated order. Mr. Carroll, in common with his companions of the Society, submitted without a thought of resistance or even of hesitation to this most severe and disastrous blow. In a letter to his brother, Daniel Carroll, Father Carroll on the subject of the suppression of the Society, after expressing the grief of his heart, exclaims: "God's holy will be done, and may his name be blessed forever and ever." The history of the Church does not present a scene more sublime or more admirable than the submission and obedience of the Jesuits to that most unfortunate brief, by which their existence as an order in the Church was blotted out. The annals of the world present nothing comparable to this splendid act of true Catholic heroism. Upon the publication of the brief, the Jesuit institutions were given up by most of the governments of Europe to plunder, desecration, and every species of vandalism. The English Jesuits of Flanders retired to England, whither Mr. Carroll accompanied them, acted as the Secretary of their meetings, and, in fact, carried on an important correspondence with the French Government in relation to the property of the suppressed order in France. While thus engaged in England he received the appointment of chaplain to Lord Arundel, and took up his residence at Wardour Castle, one of the most splendid and luxurious seats in England. But the charms of Wardour Castle did not withdraw the attention of this holy priest from the most laborious and self-sacrificing duties of his sacred calling, which he continued to perform with unabated zeal and activity.

About this time the quarrel between the mother country and her colonies was hastening to a crisis. Mr. Carroll at once took sides with his own country. Bidding adieu to his beloved companions of the late Society of Jesus, and to his noble and generous friends at Wardour Castle, he sailed from England and reached his native land on the 26th of June, 1774. His first impulse was to visit his venerable mother and devoted sisters, with the former of whom he took up his residence at Rock Creek, where at first a room in the family dwelling, and subsequently a wooden chapel, were the scenes of the holy and zealous priest's ministerial offices. The wooden chapel has since been superseded by a neat brick church, now so well known as Carroll's chapel.

At the time of Father Carroll's arrival in America there was not one public Catholic church in Maryland. The Holy Sacrifice could be offered up to Almighty God alone under the family roof, which explains the fact of the old Catholic chapels of Maryland containing large hearths and fire-places within

them, and massive brick chimneys projecting through the roofs. The number of Catholic clergymen then in the province of Maryland was nineteen, whose names and places of residence, as given by Col. B. U. Campbell, will be read with interest by the present Catholics of Maryland: "Rev. George Hunter, an Englishman, Vicar-General of the Vicar Apostolic (Bishop) of London, was superior of the clergy in Maryland and Pennsylvania. He resided near Port Tobacco, in Charles County, upon a beautiful and productive estate, still known as St. Thomas' Manor. With him resided the Rev. John Bolton, also a native of England; Rev. Lewis Roels, a Belgian, and Rev'ds Charles Sewall, Benedict Neale, and Sylvester Boorman, natives of Maryland. At Newtown, in Charles County, were Rev. James Walton, an Englishman, and Revs. Augustine Jenkins, Ignatius Matthews, and John Boorman, natives of Maryland. Rev'ds John Lucas and Joseph Doyno, occupied the ancient establishment at St. Inigoe's Manor on the St. Mary's River, near the spot chosen by the first settlers of Maryland for the City of St. Mary's. In Prince George's County the Rev. John Ashton was stationed at the Jesuits' farm called White Marsh, Rev. Bernard Diderick, at Boone's chapel, Rev'ds John Boone and Thomas Digges, natives of Maryland; the latter, who was then advanced in years and infirm, resided with an aged sister on the family estate, Melwood. Rev. Joseph Mosely at Deer Creek, in Harford County, Rev. James Framback at Frederick Town, and Rev. Peter Morris resided on Bohemia Manor, in Cecil County, on the eastern side of the Chesapeake Bay." These Rev. gentlemen having been members of the suppressed order of Jesuits, were supported from the income derived from the Jesuit estates; but in this common fund the Rev. Mr. Carroll, maintaining always the kindest and most affectionate relations with his brethren, chose not to participate, since in order to do so, he would have been required by the regulation adopted by the clergy to abandon the particular field of missionary labor which he had chosen for himself at Rock Creek, and perhaps to leave his venerable and aged mother, to whose declining years he was anxious to minister. His missionary labors were chiefly performed at Carroll's chapel and the neighboring country. He traveled always on horseback, making long and frequent journeys to distant Catholic families and settlements, riding frequently thirty miles or more to sick calls, and paying monthly visits to a small congregation of Catholics at Stafford County, Virginia, which was fifty or sixty miles distant from Rock Creek.

This little settlement of Catholics in Stafford deserves something more than a mere passing notice, as forming a remarkable exception from the uniform system prevailing both in the mother country and in Virginia, by which *papists* and all others not conforming to the established Church, were molested and proscribed in respect of their religion. There was at least one little spot in Virginia consecrated to religious freedom, and this was called Woodstock, whose inhabitants were exempted from the severities of the penal code, and vested with the franchise of freely exercising their religion, by a grant under the royal signet of James II. Capt. George Brent, of Woodstock, was the leader of this band of Catholic pilgrims in Virginia in 1686, two of whose descendants were married to Anne and Eleanor Carroll, sisters of Rev. Mr. Carroll, at the time of his missionary visits to Stafford in 1775 and '76. Having been favored with the use of a copy of the remarkable and interesting document, which redeemed Virginia from the general reproach of intolerance, I take pleasure in laying it before the public:

"JAMES R.

"Right trusty and wellbeloved, We greet you well, Whereas our trusty and wellbeloved George Brent, of Woodstock, in our County of Stafford, in that our Collony of Virginia, Richard Foote and Robert Bristow of London Merchants & Nicholas Hayward of London Notary Public, have by their Humble Petition informed us, That they have purchased of our Right Trusty and Wellbeloved Thomas Lord Culpeper a certain tract of Land in our said Collony, between the Rivers of Rappahannock and Potomack, containing of estimation thirty thousand acres lying in or near our said County of Stafford, some miles distant from any present Settlement or Inhabitants & at or about twenty miles from the foot of the mountains, upon part of which Tract of Land the Pet'rs have projected and doo speedily designe to build a towne with convenient fortifications, and doo therefore pray That for the encouragement of Inhabitants to settle in the said Towne and plantation wee would be pleased to grant them the free exercise of their Religion, wee have thought fit to condescend to their humble Request, and wee doo accordingly give and grant to the Pet'rs and to all and every the Inhabitants which now are or hereafter shall be settled in the said Towne and the Tract of Land belonging to them as is above mentioned, the free exercise of their Religion without being persecuted or molested upon any penall laws or other account for the same, which wee do hereby signifie unto you to the end you may take care and give such orders as shall be requisite—That they enjoy the full benefit of these our gracious Intentions to them, Provided they behave themselves in all civill matters so as becomes peaceable and Loyall subjects, and for so doing this shall be your warrant, and so we bid you heartely farewell.

"Given at our Court at Whitehall the 10th day of Feb'y 1686/ in the third year of our Reign. /7

[Royal Signet.]

"By his Maj'ties Commands,

"SUNDERLAND.

"To our Right Trusty and Wellbeloved Francis Lord Howard of Effingham our Lieutenant & Governor General of our Collony and Dominions of Virginia in America, and to our chiefe Governor or Governors there for the time being."

The Catholic settlement in Stafford is said to be near the spot where Father Altham first announced the saving word to the Indians in 1634. From 1687 to the time of Mr. Carroll's arrival, the Woodstock families had rigidly and zealously adhered to their religion in the midst of perils. They were occasionally visited by the Rev. Mr. Hunter and other priests from Maryland, who always crossed the Potomac for that purpose in disguise. They were also frequently attended by the good and indefatigable Father Framback, who had to exercise the greatest caution to avoid discovery, sleeping generally in the stable beside his horse in order to be prepared for a sudden flight; and on one occasion barely escaped with his life, his faithful horse having carried him safely through the waters of the Potomac, though he was fired upon before he had attained the Maryland side of the river. After about eighteen months thus spent in the active duties of the holy ministry, the call of his country summoned Mr. Carroll to her service in other and more public scenes.

Open war was now raging between England and the thirteen Colonies. The hopes, which many of our patriots and statesmen had cherished to the last, that a reconciliation might be accomplished, were growing fainter every day, and the public mind was becoming more and more familiarized with the at first startling thought of Independence. To guard against invasion from the Canadas, and even to obtain perhaps their active coöperation in the war with the colonies, or at least to secure their neutrality, became objects of the greatest importance to the struggling colonies. To gain these ends Congress on the 15th of February, 1776, appointed Dr. Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, commissioners, with instructions to proceed to Montreal, and to use every effort of argument, per-

suation and promises of mutual protection and defense, in order to induce the Canadians either to join the colonies in the war, or to remain neutral. In the resolution of Congress appointing the commissioners Mr. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was requested to prevail on the Rev. John Carroll to accompany them to Canada, in order to facilitate the negotiations with the Canadian clergy, who were understood to be hostile to any participation of the Canadians in the troubles of the time. The Rev. Mr. Carroll, ever mindful of his calling as a minister of peace, and of the duty he owed his country, accepted the invitation of Congress, solely with the view of prevailing on the Canadians to remain neutral and take no part with England against the colonies. We who have become accustomed to the easy, luxurious and swift traveling of the present day, can form no conception of the hardships and dangers which attended a trip from Philadelphia to Montreal in 1776. Having reached New York, they sailed from that port on the 2d of April, and after encountering delays, exposures and extraordinary difficulties, all of which neither affected the hopes nor checked the cheerful spirits of the travelers, they arrived at Montreal on the night of the 29th of April. While the commissioners were engaged in negotiating with the authorities, regulating the affairs of the Continental army then in Canada, and generally attending to the instructions of Congress, the Rev. Mr. Carroll was visiting the Canadian clergy, explaining to them the nature and principles of our revolutionary struggle, pointing out the identity of interest and destiny, which ought to unite Canada to the Colonies, and in answering objections, removing prejudices of race, and appealing to their love of liberty. He was listened to with patience and treated with profound respect. But both the commissioners and Rev. Mr. Carroll were answered by the Canadians, that they had no cause of complaint against the home government of Great Britain, which had guaranteed to them the free and full enjoyment of religion, property and liberty, and had so far sacredly adhered to that promise, and that in return the duty of allegiance was due from the Canadians to the government. There were other causes, however, which, of themselves, contributed greatly to render unsuccessful the mission of the four patriots to Canada. The Provincial Congress, which sat at Boston in 1773, had publicly used in one of their addresses this unfortunate language: "The late act establishing the Catholic religion in Canada, is dangerous in an extreme degree to the Protesting religion, and to the civil rights and liberties of America." Several of the other colonies, including even Maryland, had used similar language in the communications of their complaints to the mother country. Still more, Congress, in their address to the people of Great Britain, adopted October 21st, 1774, had used in reference to the same law, then commonly called the "Quebec Act," such language as the following: "Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion throughout every part of the world."—"That we think the legislature of Great Britain is not authorized by the Constitution to establish a religion, fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets," &c. Such language, thoughtlessly but none the less unfortunately, used in the excitement of the times, was naturally recalled in the minds of the Canadians, by way of contrast, when the "address to the inhabitants of the Province of Quebec," expressing no doubt the true sense and sentiments of the Congress and the country, was presented by the commissioners, containing these declarations: "We are too well acquainted with the liberality of sentiment distinguishing your nation, to imagine that difference of religion will prejudice you

against a hearty alliance with us. You know that the transcendent nature of freedom elevates those who unite in her cause above all such low-minded infirmities. The Swiss Cantons furnish a memorable proof of this truth. Their union is composed of Roman Catholic and Protestant states, living in the utmost concord and peace with one another, and thereby enabled, ever since they vindicated their freedom, to defy and defeat every tyrant that has menaced them." The mission was therefore utterly fruitless, except the lesson it lays before our countrymen, especially worthy of their attention at this time, of the folly of mixing up religion with the affairs of the State. Mr. Charles Carroll and Mr. Samuel Chase remained in Canada to attend to the affairs of the army, and Dr. Franklin and the Rev. Mr. Carroll returned home together. During their connection and association together on the Canadian mission, a warm and intimate friendship sprang up between Dr. Franklin and Mr. Carroll, which ever afterwards was cherished by both till the death of the former.

Remaining a few days in Philadelphia to enjoy the society of two of his former associates and friends of the Society of Jesus, Fathers Farmer and Molyneux, the Rev. Mr. Carroll returned to Rock Creek and resumed the duties of the holy ministry, which he continued uninterruptedly to perform throughout the revolutionary war, ardently sympathizing in the struggle, explaining and defending its principles in his correspondence with his brethren in England, and offering up fervent prayers for its success.

Prior to the Declaration of Independence the Catholic clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania had been under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, whose jurisdiction was represented in the provinces by his Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the Superior of the Society of Jesus at the time of its suppression. Some time after the Declaration of Independence the Rev. Mr. Carroll and several others of the clergy addressed a letter to Mr. Lewis, reciting that whereas America was no longer under the temporal authority of Great Britain, it was also proper and expedient that the American Church should no longer be under the spiritual authority of the British Church, and requesting that the clergy might be called together for consultation on this subject. The Rev. Superior acquiescing in these views, several meetings of the clergy were accordingly held, which resulted in the construction of a "form of government" for the Catholic clergy of the provinces, adopted at Whitemarsh, October 11th, 1784. They also sent an address to the Sovereign Pontiff requesting that a superior, holding immediately from the Holy See, and clothed with the necessary powers, might be appointed, which address expressly conveyed it as the opinion of the American clergy that it was not necessary to erect an Episcopal See in America, and that all they desired was the appointment of an archpriest, with the faculty to confer the Sacrament of Confirmation, bless oils, &c. But while these proceedings were taking place in Maryland, the Holy See was entertaining more enlarged views of the interests of religion in America. Accordingly Cardinal Doria, the Papal Nuncio at Paris, addressed a note on the subject of the appointment of a bishop for America to Dr. Franklin, then our minister to France, which Dr. Franklin was requested to lay before Congress. Congress gave for their answer, that such matters were not within their jurisdiction, but pertained alone to the individual states. Towards the close of the year 1784, the Rev. Mr. Carroll received the appointment of Superior of the clergy in the provinces, accompanied with a grant of the extraordinary powers recommended to be conferred in the meeting of the clergy at Whitemarsh. His appointment was hailed with great joy by both clergy and laity. He lost no time in

making the first visitation of the several congregations committed to his charge in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and the Jerseys, and displayed a ripe judgment and consummate wisdom, accompanied with the most ardent zeal in promoting the interests of religion and the salvation of souls.

The Rev. Mr. Carroll's great learning and happy powers as a controversialist were called into service about this time. Attacks on the tenets and practices of the Church, and articles advocating the establishment of a state or national religion, which were published and circulated in the colonies, would not permit the pen of so devoted and learned a child of the Church, and so ardent and sincere a friend of liberty, to remain idle. His reply to Mr. Wharton, and his letter to the editor of the "*Gazette of the United States*," have been preserved, the one a powerful defence of the Church, and the other a zealous appeal in behalf of civil and religious liberty. They display the native vigor of his intellect, the immense learning he had acquired in Europe, and the generous impulse of his heart.

When it became apparent that the Holy See still entertained the design of erecting an Episcopal See in the United States, all eyes were turned upon Mr. Carroll as the first choice of the American Church. And when the list of the names of the clergy in the States, on which Mr. Carroll's name was placed last by his own management, was exhibited by Cardinal Doria to Dr. Franklin in Paris, the doctor recollected with great warmth his old friend and companion in the public service, and recommended Mr. Carroll in the highest terms for the appointment to the new Episcopal See. The Pope approved the general choice, and made the appointment accordingly. The bishop elect sailed to Europe to be consecrated in the summer of 1790. He was consecrated by the Right Rev. Charles Walmsley, Bishop of Rama and Vicar Apostolic in England, in the chapel at Lulworth Castle, on Sunday the 15th of August, 1790, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Returning, he arrived at Baltimore December 7th, and immediately entered upon the duties and labors of his exalted station.

While Vicar-General, Dr. Carroll commenced the foundation of Georgetown College, which he succeeded in permanently establishing in the year 1791. This institution was cherished by the illustrious prelate during his entire life with paternal care, and by its subsequent career of usefulness and glory has far surpassed the highest and fondest hopes of its honored founder.

In 1792 Bishop Carroll founded the Sulpitian Seminary at Baltimore, which was raised to the rank of an University in January, 1805, by the Legislature of Maryland, was eminent for many years as a college for the education of youth, and continues to this day as a theological seminary to give yearly to the American Church learned and zealous priests and missionaries. Bishop Carroll had also been one of three commissioners appointed by the State of Maryland to establish St. John's College at Annapolis, from which institution he received the degree of LL.D., and also received the degree of D.D., as well as that of LL.D. from other colleges and universities in the United States.

The pastoral letters of Bishop Carroll are models of the purest style. They breathe the highest and noblest sentiments of religion, impart the most gentle and paternal advice, and exhibit profound wisdom and varied learning. Being the only bishop, his duties and labors extended over the whole Union, and became so arduous that the necessity of granting him a coadjutor bishop, or of erecting other sees, soon became apparent. Accordingly in the year 1800 the Rev. Leonard Neale was, on the nomination and request of Bishop Carroll, appointed his coadjutor, and in the same year was consecrated.

On the 3d of February, 1796, the venerable and excellent mother of Bishop Carroll departed this life in the full enjoyment of her intellectual faculties, and with sentiments of the most ardent piety, in the ninety-third year of her age.

On the 22d of February, 1800, in compliance with the unanimous resolution of Congress, and the general desire of clergymen and laymen of all denominations, Bishop Carroll delivered a funeral oration in honor of General Washington, in St. Peter's church, Baltimore. All who heard this address pronounced spoke of it as a master-piece of classic composition and of the purest eloquence. Happily for us it has been preserved and handed down to posterity. It is well worthy of being studied by our countrymen, not only for its merits as a classic model, but also for the patriotic sentiments it contains, and as a graphic and life-like delineation of the character of Washington, and an accurate narrative of the trials, struggles and glories of our revolutionary fathers.

In 1803 Bishop Carroll visited Boston at the invitation of the Rev. Messrs. Matignon and Cheverus, and on the 29th of September consecrated the church of the Holy Cross, the first Catholic church erected in the City of Boston. The rapid spread of the faith in the United States, the great increase of the Catholic population and the multiplication of churches, rendered the episcopal duties of Bishop Carroll more than equal to the abilities of a single bishop. The interests of the Church rendered indispensable the erection of several additional sees in America. Accordingly Pope Pius VII, by his brief of 8th of April, 1808, erected Baltimore into an Archiepiscopal See, and erected Suffragan Sees at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown. The Rev. M. de Cheverus was appointed Bishop of Boston, the Rev. Mr. Cancanon, a Dominican, Bishop of New York, Rev. Mr. Egan, a Franciscan, Bishop of Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Flaget, a Sulpitian, Bishop of Bardstown. On the first of November, 1810, Archbishop Carroll, assisted by his coadjutor, Bishop Neale, consecrated in the Cathedral at Baltimore, Bishops Cheverus and Egan, and on the 4th of the same month Bishop Flaget. The Rev. Mr. Cancanon, while bearing the Papal Bulls to America for the erection of the new sees and appointing the new bishops, died prematurely. Before separating, Archbishop Carroll and his three suffragans enacted a code of regulations for the American Church. Having thus divided with those of his own selection the arduous duties and labors of the episcopacy, Archbishop Carroll devoted the remainder of his life, with his accustomed zeal and activity in all things, to the government of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Finally after a long life spent in the faithful discharge of every duty and the performance of good works, he was summoned to receive his bright reward in heaven. On Sunday the 3d of December, 1815, in the eightieth year of his age, the good and venerable Archbishop calmly departed this life, universally lamented, respected and beloved.

Truly and justly has Archbishop Carroll been regarded as a model prelate. His piety and zeal for religion were equally ardent from the beginning to the end of his long and active life. He was alike distinguished for his humility and devotion, the sweetness of his temper, his profound and varied learning, and the dignity and gracefulness of his manners. As a patriot he ranks with the fathers of the Republic; as a prelate his position was well expressed, when, from the pulpit of the Cathedral in Baltimore, on the occasion of the consecration of Bishop Flaget, he was saluted by the illustrious Cardinal de Cheverus (then Bishop of Boston) as "the Elias of the new law, the father of the clergy, the conductor of the car of Israel in the new world—Pater mi, Pater mi, currus Israel et auriga ejus."

ROME, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A Lecture, delivered before the "Islington Popular Club," January 31, 1856,

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

THE title, "Rome, Ancient and Modern," gives, indeed, ample scope to historical disquisition, and abundant range to the imagination. Rome, classical, but heathen, on the one hand, Rome, artistic and Christian, on the other, stand powerfully contrasted before us. The one is warlike, factious, fiery, and full of indomitable purpose, the boiling vortex, which itself agitated and restless, pushes waves of irresistible conquest to every shore; the other, calmly intrepid, exercising a pacific spiritual rule over a still wider religious empire.

—— "Quidquid non possidet armis
Religione tenet."

The first is the Rome of Cicero, of Virgil, and of Livy, leaving to all Europe an inheritance of taste, and a law of language, of which every civilized nation has accepted the one, and obeys the other; the second is, the Rome of Raffaele and of Michelangelo, even now preserving for the world the models, and dictating thence the canons, of artistic beauty and grandeur.

And still, as though to vindicate her title of "eternal," she seems to have no distinction of past and present. Ancient Rome lives yet in modern Rome, so as to appear indestructible; and modern Rome is so interlaced with ancient Rome, as justly to seem primeval. They resemble two noble figures placed side by side, with the one form of old Tiber, crowned with sedges and pouring out his urn, at their feet; the one clothed in panoply and seated on the fragments of her ruined temples, pensive and repentant; the other standing over her, mild and majestic, and warding off from her broken treasures the jealous stroke of time. The marble halls of the Vatican have offered an asylum to the choicest remains of heathen art, and the Capitol bears on its summit the symbol of the Christian's triumph. It would be difficult, therefore, to treat of Rome otherwise than as one.

It is this fact which constitutes the singularity of Rome, and at the same time gives us a key to what we may call its destiny. It will form the subject of my lecture: for thus only, it seems to me, that I can be faithful to my theme, the bringing of old and new Rome into combination, and exhibiting their reciprocal influences.

I do not know how I can better illustrate the transmutation of the one into the other, than by recalling to your minds the beautiful contrivance of dissolving views.

We have first before us a distinct and rich picture of the ancient city. The descriptions of some contemporary writers, the casual references of others, the inscriptions discovered in various places, medals on which the edifices are often engraved, and, above all, their ruins themselves, enable the antiquarian and the architect to represent it to us in its integrity, its magnificence, and its splendor. Soon the whole scene is transformed. On the same field stands projected a view of scarcely less grandeur, and in many parts of scarcely altered lines; basilicas stand where basilicas stood before; temples often where temples were. But domes rise on domes, and tower stretches beyond tower, here amidst lofty palaces, there among clustering vines and graceful cypresses, or side by side with striding

aqueducts, or massive baths. Yet distinct as each picture is, the transition from one to the other, the melting of the old into the new has been a mystery, which the eye could not pursue. The first slowly faded as the lines of the second struggled through it, they were mingled in confusion for a time, each was indiscernible, inseparable; the field of vision was never for a moment empty, yet you could not tell which, or what occupied it; until at last the lines unravelled themselves, the second outline disengaged itself, gave a new aspect and color to the portions preserved of the primitive representation; while all that was new came out bold, original, and independent.

In some such sort did the transformation of ancient into later Rome take place. A noble and beautiful modern city stands where once stood a greater and richer one; how the change was effected, I cannot pretend to describe. But this is evident, that the fact is exceptional in the history of nations.

The banks of the Nile are strewn with the ruins of massive Memnonia, and the torn limbs of gigantic sphynxes; but they stand solitary upon the marshy banks, stripped of the cities that surrounded them. Green mounds till lately marked, on the barren plains of Assyria, the palaces and temples of proud Nineveh and luxurious Babylon; their colossal sculptures have been drawn up from under the present ground, worthy indeed to be considered the school or the harbingers of Grecian art, but fruitless in their own soil, without succession of themselves, or of the race that produced them. Nay, the graceful columns of the Acropolis still stand; while at their feet lay for ages, only poor and homely edifices, that could claim but little kindred with the monuments of the fairest of ancient cities.

But if neither greatness of empire, solidity of construction, nor beauty of work could save from hopeless destruction the capitals of other countries, we may well be surprised, after reading the history of Rome, how her lot should have been different. To the time of Constantine the city was still receiving additions; Dioclesian had built baths of immense dimensions, which proved that the eye of the Romans, if not capable of refined perceptions, was still able to appreciate grand proportions; and Constantine had erected his triumphal arch and his basilica near, or in, the forum. But the translation of the empire to Byzantium shortly altered this state of things. By degrees Rome was neglected, and soon almost abandoned. After the bright, but transient prosperity of the Theodosian period, calamity and violence fell upon her. The expense of keeping in repair the enormous piles of public edifices, many now become useless, and even hateful, was too great for the resources of a city no longer first in the empire; time began to shake and wear the less solid buildings; earthquakes shattered or rent to their foundations the most massive; and conflagrations wrecked and ravaged, without distinction, the noble and the mean.

And now came what was worse than either, the shock of invasion and the barbarian's torch. The successive torrents that streamed forth from the frozen north, rolled on towards the plains of Italy as naturally as the river runs towards the sea; and once in Italy as naturally converged towards the imperial and sacerdotal city. In the year 404 Alaric, at the head of his Visigoths, took and sacked Rome, stripping it of everything valuable in the eyes of barbarians.

About six years later, another similar outrage took place. In 455, the Vandals, under Genserik, landed at the mouth of the Tiber. Three years before, the invasion of Attila, "the scourge of God," had been staved off, and Rome had been saved, not by the valor of the imperial generals, but by the intrepid interposition of the great St. Leo; and now, a second time, this fearless Pontiff went forth as

mediator for his flock, to propitiate the northern conqueror. He so far succeeded as to dissuade Genseric from burning down the entire city, as he had intended, and thus consummating its ruin. But short of this, for fourteen days and nights, it was given up to the unbridled fury, cupidity, and licence of his unsparing troops.

Again, in 472, Ricimer and his barbarian Goths took and sacked the devoted city. But all the horrors of former invasions were forgotten beside that of Totila and the Ostragoths, in 546. In his fury this victorious chief, who had vanquished eleven imperial generals, decreed that Rome, after being completely pillaged, should become "a pasture for cattle."

When a divine oracle went forth against mighty Tyre, the first-born daughter of the sea, that it should be a "drying place for nets" (Ezech. xxvi, 5, 14), it was fulfilled at once, to the letter and for ever. But when man, however strong and however daring, with all human probabilities on his side, presumes to make similar decrees, he may find it is collision with a higher ordinance that cannot be baffled. Totila sentenced Rome to be a feeding-place for cattle; but an irreversible decree had been long before issued, that it should be the eternal pasture, where the Chief Shepherd should feed the flock of Christ.

Strange to say, the barbarian, as if obeying a destiny which forbade the destruction of that immortal city, listened to the remonstrance of the general whom he had conquered in battle. Belisarius threatened him with perpetual infamy if he destroyed what remained of Roman grandeur; and he refrained from executing his intentions. But he carried away the whole senate, and most of the inhabitants into Apulia, and Rome remained empty for forty days, as it has been described, "a marble wilderness."

We may well wonder what these successive invaders and plunderers found to carry off; and we can hardly describe their ravages better than in the language of the prophet: "That which the palmer-worm hath left the locust hath eaten; and that which the locust hath left the bruchus hath eaten; and that which the bruchus hath left the mildew hath destroyed." One only solution history supplies; that not less industrious, ingenious, and persevering than the ant, the inhabitants, headed by their Pontiffs, as soon as the bitter waters of invasion had subsided, recommenced the work of effacing, so far as possible, the traces of desolation, where most their affections prompted them.

The old basilicas were speedily restored, and, strange to say, new ones built. Rich mosaics adorned their walls, and gold plate and rich vestments reappeared upon, and around, their altars, to be again plundered and again replaced. But even this all tended to the destruction of ancient Rome. Too poor in money, in art, and in skill, to procure and prepare new materials, the laborers found these at hand in the older edifices. Columns were freely taken from tottering porticoes, or dilapidated temples, and adapted to, or incorporated in, newer erections. Fragments of cornices long thrown down, inscriptions torn by hostile or by natural convulsions from their places, were built into the walls, mingled with tiles and bricks of every age and appearance, forming what antiquarians call the "opus tumultuarium," which we may translate familiarly by "pell-mell work."

Another singular cause of destruction was at work, and has left everywhere traces of its action. This was poverty. Almost every great building retains the marks of having been adapted for dwellings. Holes were made into the walls, and rafters introduced to make a roof, probably by the thousands who remained unsheltered after a sack or conflagration. But further, such was the dearth of

metals, that either they or their invaders pierced the huge stones of massive edifices, to extract the copper cramps that bound them, and thus not only disfigured, but enfeebled those noble works.

What the effects of all these ruinous operations have been upon modern Rome, and what are the considerations to be drawn from them, we shall see later. At present let me pause for a moment, and ask you to reflect upon the condition of the inhabitants left to this afflicted and humbled city, during the period which I have described. What survived to attach them to the heap of ruins, that represented to them ancient Rome? According to the plan in all great cities, the public buildings and more solid structures rose about the Forum, and these remained; but the inhabited parts, the seven hills, and the Campus Martius, must have been by this time a mere mass of roofless, and often crumbled, walls. Their few occupiers must have dwelt in the midst of perpetual alarm; often in the night the crash of some falling arch must have shaken their frail tenements to their foundations; while during the day they must have crept, in fear, along the blocked up streets, beneath the overhanging threatenings of shattered edifices, or through the openings of their gaping fissures. The broken aqueducts must now have poured out their ungoverned waters into marshy pools, instead of healthy reservoirs, till they became choked up, and their sources lost. The very river, encumbered by monuments that had tumbled into its bed, by bridges washed down because unrepaired, and even by materials wantonly thrown in for destruction, seems to have changed its bed, unrecorded in the silence of history.

Should we have been surprised, if we had read of Rome, what we see to have been the consequence of much less utter havoc and desolation; that as to Thebes succeeded Cario, to Babylon Bagdad, as even Jerusalem changed its site after its own final overthrow, so the natives of Rome, worn out by such successive calamities, and almost sick of their early attachment, had migrated to a healthier, safer, and pleasanter spot; and raised a new Rome on some of the beautiful hills which surround the unwholesome spot that Romulus had chosen?

Tusculum, when destroyed, descended from its crags to the sweet acclivity of the hills, and buried itself in their green foliage; Alba, devastated, crossed its lake, and chose a new site, from which it could still look into that calm mirror, yet range across the plains to the very sea. What, I ask again, more natural, than that Rome should have obeyed this almost universal law?

Reasons there must have been: reasons operative and definite in the minds of those who rejected the pleadings of such natural instincts; reasons deeper still in the designs of that Providence, without which not only a sparrow does not fall, but which even weighed the lives of the "many beasts," as well as of the 120,000 persons who did not know their right hand from their left, when it decided that Nineveh should *not* be destroyed.

Ages of turbulence and confusion succeeded to those of invasion and pillage. Powerful families contended among themselves for feudal dominion, or for sovereign power. Each oppressed, plundered, destroyed in its turn: often altogether in alliance, or in contest. They erected fortresses within the city, or in its immediate vicinity, or among the neighboring villages and towns. And here again the old city was destroyed, for the erection of these and other buildings. Indeed we may say, that even till after the revival of art, this form of plundering continued. At length, just as art and good letters were dawning, while Dante and Petrarca were singing, Giotto painting, many splendid cathedrals being built, the great conservative power of Rome was removed, its very light apparently extinguished.

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In 1308, the Pope removed his court, but not his see, to Avignon. During this partial eclipse, Rome was truly dark and desolate, and it must have been indeed a powerful spell which still attached its inhabitants to it, and, we may justly add, attracted the pilgrim to its ruins.

Let us now consider the action of the various causes which we have seen at work, in the production of the modern city. One peculiarity must, I think, strike a superficial observer. During the time that northern Europe, and even northern Italy was creating its architecture, Rome was in a state of deepest dejection. It had indeed no want of what other countries so much needed. It still possessed large, and for the age, splendid churches. They had their laws, their arrangements, their very ornaments either perpetuated, or according to tradition renewed from earliest times. It was not a period for wantonly throwing down what existed, and beginning afresh. Consequently mediæval art made comparatively less entrance into Rome, than into any other city. Indeed, Rome may seem to be almost the barrier at which it stopped. Florence and Bologna accepted it, and nearer still Assisi and Orvieto; but with a single exception, that of the church of the Minerva, no edifice of any magnitude records in Rome the period of pointed architecture.

What was the consequence? First, that later there was no temptation to destroy what existed, so long as it would stand. Some of the basilicas were indeed, at a subsequent period, materially modified, though their ground plan was kept; but it was generally a matter of necessity to preserve the buildings from ruin. And further, when at last the arts revived, and Rome resumed her pre-eminence in them, she had her own models to recur to; and she surely cannot be blamed, if, having passed through the mediæval period of architecture without adopting it, she did not return to it, when already everywhere else it had passed its perfection, and was verging towards decay.

This being the case, we must naturally desire, that as much as possible of the ancient city should have remained, to embellish the modern, and to instruct the world in art. If the ancient Romans had not transferred to their own capital many of the treasures of Greece, there is no doubt but they would have been lost to us. Excepting the Elgin marbles, which, after all, have come to us with some imputation of Vandalism, how little has that fertile soil of art yielded to us of direct profit? We may therefore be thankful that Rome was constituted a treasury to which all the world contributed; and that its stores were so immense, that after the wholesale destruction of ages so much should still survive. But it will perhaps appear a paradox, when I further assert, that the very causes of destruction which I have enumerated, have proved, in the hands of Providence, the means of preservation.

In fact, nothing is more thoroughly destructive than want of appreciation of what is possessed. A gold medal has better chance of doing good to archaeology and art by having been buried, than by having fallen into the hands of a Bedouin or a Tartar. Either would melt it for its value, or pierce it for an ornament. It is mother earth that, gradually releasing the numerous treasures in her custody, fills our cabinets with gems, with coins, and with antique jewellery. And so, if there was a wise and mysterious dispensation, that the days of ancient and modern civilization should be separated by a night of gloom, and if that Eye, which saw equally in both, saw that both were good, the best hope for the second was in the concealment of the first.

Then, as the first agent of that provident power came destruction, merciful as the spade or mattock which dashes the clod upon the seed, and conceals it from the bird that would have consumed it, till its time of new life has come. If the vaults of the Golden House had not been filled up with earth, Raffaele would not have found, in freshness of color and distinctness of outline, the arabesques which he transferred to the Vatican, as accessories to his splendid frescoes. If the tombs of the Scipios, or the freedmen of Augustus, or the Nasones, and many others, had not been themselves buried with their dead, we should not have possessed the interesting inscriptions and paintings which they yet exhibit, nor the accurate information which they convey to our very eyes, of the sepulchral rites and funereal honors of the ancients. Still more, had not the tomb at Monte Granaro, out of the Lateran gate, been changed into a hill and covered with a vineyard, and surmounted by a tower, the matchless Portland vase, instead of being the gem of the British Museum, might have been carried on the head of some mediæval peasant, as a piece of domestic crockery, to the well, and some day dashed to pieces by a stumble against a block of porphyry, and swept into the ash-pit. And so may we speak of the numberless Etruscan vases, or alabaster sarcophagi, which subterranean Ceræ, Volterra, Chuisi, or Nola have yielded up, to enrich the museums of all Europe.

And what shall we say of sculpture? Who can estimate what perished of most exquisite art during the middle ages? Of the statues and groups mentioned by Pliny, how many are lost? Are they destroyed, or do they still remain buried, destined to reward the toil, and to rejoice the hearts, of a future generation? No one knows, but all must wish for the second alternative. Undoubtedly during a long period, marble was the most handy material for making lime; and we may doubt whether a mediæval lime-burner would have discriminated much between the Laocoon or Apollo, and some rude garden satyr, unless the latter weighed more, or seemed of a finer grain. Among the statues not long ago dug up by Signor Guidi, the most ingenious, indefatigable, and disinterested of Roman excavators, were two of beautiful execution and grand proportions, which were split in two, by strokes of a sledge hammer found beside them; whether from spite or wontonness, or from more utilitarian motives, it is impossible to say. But this is certain, that, while whatever remained uncovered, unless in some way protected, disappeared; all that we possess of great value, has been recovered from ruins.

Nor, after all, is this scanty in extent or in value. Not only the three museums of Rome, and its private collections, are full of masterpieces of glyptic art, but if you go to Naples, or to Florence, you find the gems of both museums to have been carried away from Rome, whose abundance has likewise contributed plentifully to even more distant collections.

However, therefore, we may deplore the ravages and spoliations, the conflagrations and destructions of barbarous invaders, we have reason to feel indebted to these calamities, as some of the means by which a great deal has been preserved to us, which we highly prize. And, in like manner, were other destructive agencies over-ruled. If columns, and capitals, and friezes were torn from profane buildings, and transferred to sacred ones, these beautiful specimens of eastern marbles would probably have fallen, with many others, and have perished. Porphyry urns now under altars would possibly have been cut up to make tessellated pavements, or to clothe twisted columns, and the matchless Phrygian pillars that supported the Ostian basilica of St. Paul, would have been doubtless calcined by a much earlier conflagration than destroyed them in 1823. Many valuable inscrip-

tions too, which now adorn museums, owe their preservation to their having been encrusted, as building material in a wall.

In like manner, one cannot fail to observe, how, unintentionally, the rude barons of the middle ages have preserved for us, what might otherwise have irrecoverably perished. The Orsini seized on the theatre of Marcellus, used its outward wall as that of their palace, strengthened it, without hurting its lines, by building up the arches, and have saved it. The Gaetani made the circular tomb of Cæcilia Metella the kernel or keep of their castle on the Appian way, built to levy exactions from travelers, but causing the abandonment, and probably the preservation, of the monuments on that famous road. Scarcely any other tomb, in consequence, is so well preserved. Finally, the Frangipani chose the triumphal arch of Titus as their stronghold in the Forum, casteliated it, and surrounded it with works, which probably held it together. For when first I saw Rome, this most important monument was shored up, and supported by scaffolding within, until Pius VII had it perfectly restored.

We have now seen through what terrible vicissitudes, and in what marvellous ways the ancient Rome was preserved from total destruction, and made to influence the new. Let us now reverse the picture, and consider, what, at first sight may appear strange, in what manner again, in our times, the old city develops from the new, emerging from it, and seeming to be born again, under the care of its loving daughter.

It is a source of untiring interest in Rome, to follow the fresh discoveries made in antiquarian pursuits. These take such a variety of form, and give such unexpected results, as often to delight and astonish. The two cities may be compared to a palimpsest manuscript; that is, one which having been written over in classical times, has had its lines in part effaced, and written over again, with a later and sometimes valuable work. The practised eye of a scholar, like the late Cardinal Mai, detects the original tracing, without destroying its superincumbent, and usurping successor, and with little artificial help; and thus an old author is rescued from total loss or oblivion. And so it happens in Rome. In excavating the foundation of a house, in hollowing out a sewer, you may come to an old wall, which almost defies the pick; the ready antiquarian easily decides its age; it gives him a clue to the site of a lost edifice; the neighboring cellars are searched, continuations of the work discovered, perhaps a base or capital that clearly belonged to it; and thus the ancient classical city is read beneath churches and palaces, like a book of Cicero under the text of a schoolman. In this manner can the plan and proportions of the *Septa Julia* be traced among the subterraneans and foundations of a variety of buildings, in and near the Corso.

At another time, accident or design leads to the discovery of new regions, not only unexplored, but unknown. A most interesting example has just occurred. On the Aventine stands the venerable old church of Santa Sabina, with a house attached to it, occupied by a community of Dominicans, ever since the time of their founder. About three months ago, these good religious wished to make an alteration in their garden, and reduce it more into the English style. They were, of course, their own workmen, and it was not long before their industry was amply repaid. They met with an opening into which they entered, and found an ancient Christian hall elegantly painted in arabesque. Having cleared it out, they found an entrance into another chamber. In this way they went forward from room to room; so that when I last heard, about a fortnight ago, they were arrived at the tenth apartment. The discovery has excited immense interest, no suspicion

having been entertained of such a monument existing there. One room is covered with names of about the third or fourth century, only one of which had then been deciphered. But this excavation is further important in the way which I mentioned first. For I ought to have told you, that the first piece of antiquity discovered was a portion of the wall of Tullius, the early King of Rome; and this recurring at a distance from a portion found, a few years ago, in the Jesuits' neighboring vineyard, in planting new vines, decides the direction of the wall, and the boundary of the primitive city.

But at times, the manner in which the ancient city comes out of the modern, is even more singular, and resembles more nearly the labors of the geologist. For example, the antiquarian of nature will smite a piece of lias; and, in the fracture which he makes, discovers the exact figure of a fish; or sometimes he will find fossil shells firmly embedded in a hard stone. Something like this happened a few years ago, in the last pontificate. It was thought well to disencumber one of the gates (Porta Maggiore) of an ugly bastion, which disfigured its side. A most singular discovery ensued. In it was found perfectly embedded, so that no one could have conjectured its being there, one of the most peculiar sepulchres yet known. It is almost, if not entirely, built up of stone troughs used in kneading bread, the whole process of which is displayed on *basso-relievos* round the sepulchre. An inscription of very ancient style, several times repeated, informs us that a baker and bread contractor had erected it to his wife, whose body is buried in what he calls "this bakery" (*in hoc panario*). Being very near the gate and very solid it had been encased in brickwork, and converted into the core of a projecting tower.

These examples may suffice to illustrate in what way ancient and modern Rome are straitly united, and how the latter keeps giving light to new hidden monuments of the former. I have not spoken of the discoveries of single and smaller objects, as statues, inscriptions, and blocks of rare marble. Neither have I entered into the more sacred precincts of ecclesiastical antiquities. Were I to do so, I should have yet to detain you long; I hasten, therefore, to a few concluding reflections.

If we look at Rome as the great conservator of ancient art, as intended to collect and treasure up, and then manifest to the world, what antiquity considered the most beautiful, I have sufficiently explained how amply she has fulfilled her mission. Reading in history, not the will of men, but the dispensations of the world's Almighty Master, tracing through all the crooked lines, the blots and blurs, the erasures and emendations of those who write their annals in this world's book of fame, the straight and fair, and ever undeviating lines of the Hand which overrules them, we see how all that has happened in, and to, Rome, was needful and most wisely ordained, for the accomplishment of a great worldly end.

But can we pause here? When we contemplated the alarms, the dangers, and the afflictions of those who dwelt in Rome during her ages of oppression, when we inferred how natural it would have been for them to have migrated to a happier and safer spot, we stopped short of the reasons which prevented them, of the reasons which influenced their minds, of the reason which so directed their counsels.

Who can doubt as to the first? The inhabitant of any other city could roam abroad, could carry with him his household furniture, and, if a heathen, his household gods, could erect a new hearth, and gather his children round it. So could Alba and Tusculum move, and so Thebes or Babylon. But not so Rome. The

Roman could not remove with him the very stones of his city which were dear, the very dust of his roads which was sacred, to him. He could not bear away the prison in which Paul was Christ's bondsman; he could not carry off the Janiculum on which Peter was crucified; he could not transplant the glorious sepulchre in which both were laid. Nor could he transport the memorials of Laurence and Agnes, and the soil from the holy Sepulchre with which Helena had paved the church of the Holy Cross, nor the Catacombs with their myriads of martyrs, nor the basilicas with their thousand memories. He loved Rome, and not its wonders. Rome monumentless, undecked, ruined, trodden under foot, was still to him the city of Peter, still the throne of his successors.

When I spoke of ancient cities that had passed away never to be rebuilt, I omitted mention of one, the only one that presented a parallel. When Jerusalem was for the first time destroyed, and its people taken into captivity, it was reserved to be a second time built up: for the very stones thereof were pleasing and venerable to God's servants. And, in like manner, no doubt, while Rome was comparatively a ruin, many a Jeremiah has sat upon a broken wall, and sighed over the Mistress of nations a tributary to barbarians, and the city once full of people, seated in the solitude of her own desolation. But the thought that she was to be abandoned never, for a moment, could have entered into his mind. The perpetuity of Rome was an axiom in the Christian's mouth, as much as it was a wish in the heathen's salutation, "*Esto perpetua.*"

If this was the bond which tied the inhabitants of Rome to their native city, had it not the high sanction of a Providence so singularly manifested? Has there not been a strong and wonderful hand protecting it, and disposing of events, so as to point to a higher sphere and nobler range than a worldly importance, in the destiny of this city? Can we read its history wisely, and doubt that, in the preservation of Rome something better was to be perpetuated than art, something holier maintained in endurance than letters, something sublimer secured to man than the traditions of a fallen Empire? If a law ruled here different from that of other dominions, other dynasties, and other cities, it surely must be, that the object for which the law was specially made, partakes not of the dissoluble, perishable elements of which *they* consist.

I will not pursue this matter further; for I wish to draw a conclusion in which all may join. Whenever you go in search of ancient grandeur about Rome, upon any of its hills, round its walls, across the bare campagna, to the neighboring mountains, one object surmounts all, crowns all, blesses all. It is the dome that swells over the tomb of the Galilean fisherman, surmounted by the Cross, through which alone he triumphed. As an ornament to his resting place, stands before its gate the obelisk which his persecutor Nero erected. This reflection drew an expression of his feelings from one whom all Europe now regards with admiration, as wise in counsel and mighty in war; and it was this:—"The glory of Rome does not consist in the beauty of the modern city. For me it lies in beholding the remains of the old colossal empire lying prostrate in homage before the Cross."

With these words, spoken to me by Imperial lips, I close my Lecture.

THE PRESS.

BY J. BALMES.....Translated for the Metropolitan.

At all times, but particularly since the invention of printing, the marked difference between the Church of Christ and all others has been most obvious. In other religions discussion was either not permitted, or at least had no considerable development. Obscure in their origin, enigmatical in their forms, tortuous in their course, tyrannical in their government, they have held in an iron grasp unhappy humanity, reducing it to helotism, blinding and corrupting it, so as to enslave it in the most shameful passions. They feared the light because their works were evil; they banished it from the minds of their proselytes, plunging their hearts in pleasure, and their brows, intended to be uplifted towards heaven, they have fixed to the earth. Very different has been the course pursued by Christianity, without admitting the fatal principle of free inquiry as Protestants understand it, since that it is to deny its divine institution, it has always promoted discussion upon the gravest matters, it has not ceased to found and develop those great schools destined to maintain the vigor of religious studies.

Far thus from allowing that printing was a mortal blow to Catholicity, in granting more force and extension to controversy, we may affirm, on the evidence of facts, that this discovery has marvellously aided the designs of the Catholic Church, and one cannot argue, to sustain the contrary, from the abuses which have been and will be made of it, for the triumphs of heresy, of incredulity, and of the most corrupt instincts of human nature. We have already seen with what profound wisdom Leo X expressed himself in this regard, at a time when the necessity of repressing abuse was already felt. Let any one examine attentively the words of this pontiff, and he will see that they involve no protest against the true progress of the age, that the chair of Peter offers no obstruction, as is often charged, to the course of civilization, that it does not endeavor to keep humanity stationary, that it pronounces no anathema against the works of genius, and that it never attempts to clip the wings bestowed upon the human intellect. It attempts, no doubt, to restrain excesses, to prevent the frightful evils which menace religion and society; but still, it confounds not use with abuse, it destroys not the good for mere fear of the evil, it proclaims in a manner the most evident and the most decisive, that the discovery of printing is a signal benefit of heaven, *divino favente numine*, it recognizes that men may draw the greatest good from it, that it may become an instrument of knowledge and virtue in the hands of learned men, such as were never wanting in the Catholic Church, *et viri eruditi in omni linguarum genere, præsertim autem Catholici quibus sanctam Romanam Ecclesiam abundare affectamus, facile evadere possunt*; it believes that this discovery was made for the glory of God, the defence of the faith, the propagation of all that is useful and beautiful, *quod ad Dei gloriam et fidei argumentum ac bonarum artium propagationem salubriter est inventum*. It is thus one speaks acting in good faith, where the mind is guided by pure intentions and a sincere love of truth; it is thus that the Catholic Church has ever acted, and those who reproach her with an opposite conduct, show the most complete ignorance of her history, or impudently belie their own convictions.

One of the most remarkable effects of the discovery of printing in relation to social destinies, is that of having communicated to human thought power and action much greater than those which past ages did possess or could have pos-

sessed. If true that intellect has always exercised a powerful influence over the progress of society, it is not less so, that to obtain this influence, it had to associate itself with certain public interests or institutions; it is upon this condition alone that it can arrive at results of high importance. This is verified in our days, for now, as formerly, ideas must render themselves palpable, so to speak, must become invested with a personification more or less conspicuous, so that society may see in them something beyond the speculations of a school. It cannot be denied nevertheless, that they have found in printing a means of expression of such energy that it brings them immediately in contact with the passions and interests which they approach by close analogy, and that they succeed thereby in enlisting a party which adopts them, which becomes their representative, and which serves as an instrument and a motive power to act upon society. It is thus that they succeed in creating at first, and propagating afterwards, institutions to realize and defend them.

This has resulted in the terrible force with which ideas are invested in these days; thence, the remarkable effects they produce even when wanting in all real vital principle, and destined to pass away like brilliant shooting meteors; thence in short, this new power implanted upon modern society, and which, combining with other powers, acts in a manner more or less visible, but always efficacious and sure.

It is an error to suppose that in countries where the greatest vigilance is exercised, and where there is the greatest severity against the press, it fails to have its influence either upon the progress of ideas, or upon the course of affairs. Its action may be indeed slow, concealed, and indirect; it will need more time to accomplish its work, but its action will not be less real, nor its work less secure. Sometimes it may be turned apparently from its natural course, but it will indemnify itself for the shackles imposed by disguises which will be very ingenious and yet more formidable; it will secure to itself more partisans, because in its mysterious reserve and studied restraint, it will appear as a victim, and it will declare that it suffers persecution on account of its love of popular rights and its zeal in their defence.

In France during the eighteenth century the press was subjected to censure; it would nevertheless be difficult to cite a period when its power was more vast and more terrific. What good did it answer to prohibit certain books, if by the very fact of the prohibition, they were propagated with more rapidity, and sought with keener curiosity? When the revolution of 1789 broke out, the liberty of the press was proclaimed indeed, but the members of the constituent assembly had no need of it, they had already amassed a fund of subversive ideas, by which they overturned a throne, destroyed old institutions, and inaugurated the new epoch in which we now live.

In Spain also, towards the end of the last century, the press was subjected to all the rigors of censure, which did not prevent the ideas in vogue beyond the Pyrenees from inoculating our nation, nor from penetrating even to the steps of the throne in such manner as to close all access to truth, and to prepare the painful agitations which pervade the present generation. At the time even known as the *fatal decade*, any one may have remarked the profound change accomplished in silence by the public or clandestine reading of certain national or foreign books. In proof of this assertion, let any one observe what passed at the death of Ferdinand; among the former adversaries of the dominant ideas, some were dead, others were eating the bread of exile, wandering in distant lands; and suddenly a

numerous youth appeared imbued with the new systems which they had certainly not learned in the public schools, and which therefore must have been derived from books read with so much the more pleasure and avidity, as the reading of them was severely forbidden by the existing authorities.

Far be it from us to say that the excesses of the press should not be restrained by legitimate means, and its attempts to impair sound ideas and good morals; our aim is only to show the effects it produces in spite of all restrictions, and to show also the power the general intelligence has acquired by this discovery.

Public opinion is a phrase sadly abused, especially in times of revolution; it represents very often but the opinion of a small number of men, who, the sports of error, of passions, and of interests, sustain doctrines and emit systems in entire opposition to the thoughts and sentiments of the vast majority, that is to say, definitely, of the body whose name they usurp. Public opinion, however, does not the less exist, and this opinion, when not subdued by violence, manifests itself so clearly, that the careful observer can never confound it with the noisy clamor of factions and parties. By public opinion we understand that of the majority of thinking men, whose intellect is sufficiently enlightened upon the object of this opinion. Printing furnishes, no doubt, a ready means of getting up a spurious, fictitious public opinion, or of disguising the true; still it is not less powerful in showing us what it is in reality, so that men who seek it in good faith, need not be misled.

The result is therefore, that the intervention of society in its own affairs is at once more efficacious and more continuous; having at control so prompt a means of expressing its wishes, it has been enabled more readily to exercise its action in a direct or indirect manner, according to the political and social conditions in which each country is placed. There even where the press is not free, it circulates always a multitude of writings wherein public opinion is expressed upon the most important affairs. Whether these writings are published with permission of the government, or whether printed in spite of prohibition, they bring the objects desired under discussion, they enlighten men's minds, excite them, and compel the government to leave the wrong path upon which it has entered. It may be said confidently that printing alone, considered in itself, independently even of the freedom it enjoys in constitutional countries, has given a more vigorous impulse, and procured a greater development of popular intervention, than the most liberal political systems.

These systems, in fact, fulfil by so much the better their object, which is to guarantee the existence of the public liberties, in proportion as they leave more facility to impaired interests and to opinions overthrown, to protest and to complain. The press is substantially, by its very nature, a sure means of arriving at this end, because its existence and its action do not depend in reality upon the combinations of a school, or the concessions of a monarch. It is not, properly speaking, a political institution, and therefore it is not subject to the changes to which institutions of this kind are always exposed. It is a conquest of industry, an art that elaborates products that nothing can prevent from spreading in the world; it is therefore a social fact that men may modify, but may not destroy.

The effects produced by this discovery in the domain of knowledge are incalculable, and one of the most important is that of having brought instruction to the masses, of having placed a vast number of men in possession of true or false knowledge. Let us set aside for a moment the good or the evil the press may have done in relation to the profundity of all branches of human knowledge;

let us but give attention to the diffusion of lights, no one can deny but that this diffusion is incomparably greater than in past ages. We can scarcely conceive how it was possible to acquire even mediocrity of information by manuscripts alone; so that, had we no other proofs of the immense labors of our forefathers, it would suffice to recall to mind the very considerable number of eminent men, who have gained distinction in all parts, and of the popularity which at various periods, different kinds of knowledge obtained. However this may be, it is nevertheless certain that these varied degrees of information must have been relatively, but little diffused; and if the ancients could be witnesses of the numerous means given to us to acquire knowledge, far from being surprised that we have surpassed them in this or that respect, they could hardly comprehend that we should not have over them, upon all points, an incontestable superiority.

A marked defect among the moderns is that of embracing many things, and learning but few thoroughly; and it is not without reason that we are reproached with being sufficiently superficial to discern all subjects, however little grounded we may be in reality in deep knowledge of the subjects in question. In this, as in all other general propositions, which express the result of a mass of observations, difficult to unite and yet more difficult to class, there is always much that is true mingled with much that is false; prudence and reason advise us to reserve so as to avoid the extremes of enthusiasm or of dry criticism. It is true nevertheless that the general intelligence is elevated in our modern times to a height which it had never attained in the most glorious days of Greece and Rome. The admiration naturally professed for all that has received the consecration of ages, leads us to regard the writers of antiquity as men belonging to a race superior to ours, whom we may not even hope to equal. We recognize to the fullest extent the merit of the ancients, and we lament that the study of them should be so neglected, even by those who are so fond of lauding them. But in honest truth, after studying them with earnest perseverance, we have not been able to discover in them wisdom greater than that of which modern Europe gives such magnificent illustrations; we are even constrained to add that the human understanding appears to us to have expanded vastly since the times of old. And we say this with full deference to the great geniuses of antiquity, while recalling the glorious names of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, and Tacitus, without excluding poetry or any other kind of literature. It is our conviction that if they have surpassed the moderns in this or that particular, the moderns have surpassed them in so many respects that the balance inclines in favor of the latter; or rather, that comparison is impossible.

We do not mean to say thereby that the invention of printing is the principal cause of the superiority of the human mind in modern times; we know well that the cause rests chiefly in Christianity; it is this, which giving to men ideas grander, more exact and more true, upon God, man and society, has generalized this elevation of thoughts and sentiments distinguishing the people who profess it. Thus it is evident that the superiority of the moderns is based upon the most certain foundations. The catechism alone has diffused among the people ideas that would have been regarded formerly as the purest conceptions of a sublime philosophy; the mind of the masses has thus become familiarized with truths of which the ancients could not even suspect the existence. But in stating these facts as evident and palpable, we do not deny to printing the due merit in the development and propagation of ideas; this is proved, indeed, by the astonishing

progress made by all branches of knowledge as soon as they were brought under the application of the new agent.

From all that precedes, our position at the beginning is sustained; i. e. that no excesses of the press should lead blindly to condemn the discovery itself. Let us never forget that use and abuse are entirely distinct, and that the latter should not make us inimical to the former.

But, it may be said to us, how will it be possible to prevent abuse? What are the means of seizing this Proteus, who takes all forms, and eludes all blows? A problem extremely difficult and complicated, which must be classed among many others weighing heavily upon modern society; and this certainly is not the least important. Perhaps some day, we may approach this grave question with the freedom of thought and expression of our accustomed manner. Our opinion perhaps may be considered severe, but as we have no wish to be classed among the partizans of enslaving the human mind, or of the enemies of civilization, we have spontaneously paid our tribute of admiration to a sublime discovery, the thought of which fills all generous minds with enthusiasm, and all who are pleased with the progress of humanity.

BALTIMORE, February 22d, 1856.

OUR COLLEGES.—No. I.

It can be said with truth that we have an ancient although very imperfect history of our Church in this country. While yet the great west was a wilderness, De Soto and La Salle were accompanied by zealous priests, Franciscans and Jesuits, who added to the discoveries of our great western waters and the surrounding wilds, whilst their principal object was the conversion of the rude children of the forest. When the Catholics, under Lord Baltimore, settled in St. Mary's, Maryland, as early as the year 1634, we find that their priests were with them; and we read of missionaries and even martyrs before the year of our Lord 1790, when the venerated Archbishop Carroll laid the corner-stone of our present spiritual edifice, and thereby introduced a new era in our history.

In the earlier period the missionaries dared not, even if they were able, establish colleges. Whenever they ventured into what is called civilized society to celebrate mass, and administer the sacraments to the scattered Catholics under their care, they were often obliged to conceal themselves from the persecution of the times; when even the tolerant William Penn wrote to Logan A. D. 1708, remonstrating because Catholics were tolerated in Philadelphia. The giants of the American Revolution, and that glorious event itself, brought about a change in men's minds; persecution was considered odious, and declared to be in direct opposition to the Constitution. It was then, with that energetic zeal, prudence and foresight, which were the characteristics of Archbishop Carroll, who may be termed the father of the American hierarchy, that he had, five years previous to his consecration, formed the design of building "an Academy at Georgetown, on the Potomack river, Maryland." As this celebrated institution is the first in order of time, if not of excellence, it deserves to be placed foremost under its present well known title:

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

Those only who have made the experiment can know how much labor of body, and how many cares of mind, are expended on the undertaking of any ecclesiastical establishment—even the building of a church. To found a college is the most difficult, because, together with the other common obstacles, it is generally looked on as a paying institution, though struggles and privations of years and years are required before any of them is remunerative. Add to this the care of all the churches which then demanded the attention of the sole bishop in the United States, and the exhausted state of the country at the conclusion of the war, and it will seem an undertaking, worthy of St. Ignatius himself, to build a college under such circumstances. Yet a seminary was necessary, and a college was required for the seminary. But the first American bishop was not a man to falter. It is recorded that the first house for the future seminary and academy was built A. D. 1789, and the establishment was opened in 1791, although, it appears, the schools were not commenced until the following year, at least the academy could not boast of many pupils.

It may be well to state here why the seminary and embryo college were not, or only for a very short time, united, contrary to the original design.

At that time the destructive storm of the bloody revolution impended like a black cloud over France. But God, who causes the calm, also guides the whirl-wind. The Sulpitians, who were then, as now, the chief directors of the ecclesiastical seminaries of that country, in view of the threatening danger, resolved to do that good elsewhere which they were not permitted to perform at home. Accordingly the Very Rev. Mr. Emery, Superior General of St. Sulpice, entered into a correspondence with Bishop Carroll for the purpose of establishing an ecclesiastical seminary in Baltimore, under the control of some of the learned and devoted clergy of that institution; and for this purpose Rev. Mr. Nagot went to London in 1790, immediately after the consecration of Bishop Carroll, for the purpose of arranging all the necessary preliminaries. These being satisfactorily adjusted, it was deemed better that the academy at Georgetown should be distinct from the seminary. Owing, however, to unavoidable delays, the Sulpitians, under the direction of Rev. Charles Nagot, did not arrive until after the first establishment was in operation, both as a seminary and academy. But this connection was very short, as we shall see when we come to the historical outline of St. Mary's College of Baltimore, the twin-sister, as it is called.

As oaks grow from acorns, so do we find our best colleges springing from what may be said to be small beginnings. Georgetown College was at first only a preparatory school. "In those days," says the record, "the scholars did not board in the college, and the teachers received salaries." The first student was William Gaston of North Carolina, who was indebted to the college "on account of board for £5 15s." The good (and we may say the great) Gaston discharged that and all his other obligations to his country and to God.

No poet, painter, or philosopher could have selected a place more picturesque, and in other respects better adapted for a college, than the suburbs of Georgetown. The historical waters of the Potomac, on which the immortal Washington spent many a pleasant day in fishing and shooting, flow by the college grounds in a river of majesty, while the grand scenery, through which it passes, is often reflected on its glassy bosom, thus doubling nature's beauty. Georgetown, Wash-

ington, the Potomac, and a great part of the District of Columbia, are in view. It is mentioned that, while the small College of Georgetown was surrounded by a whitewashed pailing fence, a horseman, well stricken in years, but of noble and soldier-like bearing, reined up his charger at the little gate way, and hitched him to the fence. Alighting with grace and ease, he entered the humble enclosure with a benevolent serenity of countenance, and the placid look of confidence, for a cordial reception. This every American gentleman feels in visiting his friends. On this occasion the young Professor Matthews had the pleasure and honor to be the first to welcome to Georgetown College, General George Washington. "I have heard," continues the narrator, "Father Matthews repeat with evident delight the familiar and accurate remarks of the *Pater Patriæ* on that memorable occasion. How *the first citizen* admired the lofty and picturesque situation of the house, and then descanted on the chilling blasts in sharp winter of the fierce northwester: how we must be paid for summer scenery by wintery storms!" This extract is introduced to avoid a dull description of the place; well knowing that what the well-balanced mind of Washington admired, every person of taste must admire. The happy week which the writer spent, enjoying the open hospitalities of that hallowed institution, is one that will be the last forgotten.

Among the other difficulties which Archbishop Carroll had to encounter in giving life and energy to the first of the colleges, the greatest was the selection of a proper president and teachers. These latter often caused confusion by their quarrels among themselves. Rev. Richard Plunkett was installed as the first president towards the close of the year 1791. Report says he deserved the honor, and discharged its duties most faithfully.

The next in succession was Rev. Robert Molyneux, under whose mild and, it may be, too gentle sway, the college flourished and the number of scholars increased.

"The name of the third president," to use the language of the gentleman from whose writings the foregoing extract has been taken, "has since become historical. After having being raised to the fulness of the priesthood, and presiding happily and holily over three dioceses in succession, the Most Rev. Louis Dubourg, Archbishop of Besancon in France, died full of merits and of years. This man was the successor of Rev. Mr. Molyneux in the presidency of Georgetown College. The establishment which Mr. Dubourg, while on his return to Louisiana from Italy, made at Lyons, is of itself enough to immortalize his name. He there founded in 1815 'The Association for the Propagation of the Faith.' This single institution, which conveys benedictions unnumbered to millions, and which daily sounds the glad tidings of a Saviour to those who are seated in the silence of death, becomes a monument sufficient to eternize the memory of Dubourg, and to shed a full ray of brightness on any college associated with his name."

After presiding for three years, Mr. Dubourg was succeeded A. D. 1799 by the Rev. Leonard Neale, afterwards the second Archbishop of Baltimore. Up to this time, it is said, the academy had rather the character of a preparatory school than of a college. However, the time of transition was not far distant. At a meeting of the board of directors, held July 27, 1801, it was resolved: "That the first day of October next be the day appointed for those of the students who shall be judged qualified to commence their course of philosophy, whereof due notice shall be given by the president, jointly with the prefect of studies, to the parties concerned; and that the president be requested to prepare and arrange the

school and apartments that are requisite to carry the present resolve into effect." Thus it became a college, though merely a college until 1815. It would seem from the affectionate manner in which the old Catholics of Maryland speak of Father Neale, who was for seven years president of the college, that he died only yesterday. His labors were not in vain.

The next president was (for the second time) the Rev. Mr. Molyneux, who was succeeded A. D. 1808 by the Very Rev. William Matthews. At that period the president did not generally reside at the college, for we find that the late lamented Father Matthews was at the same time president of the college and pastor of St. Patrick's church in Washington; and moreover, that under his guardianship the directors passed a resolution that the president should live in the college, which resolve, however, was not probably carried out until the Rev. Francis Neale undertook the direction of the college. As it reflects on the subject before us, the brief obituary notice, taken from the Catholic Almanac of 1855, will show us the character of this patriarch priest, and how much he must have contributed to the promotion of that establishment, with which, in early life, he was so intimately connected. "April 30th, 1854.—At Washington City, D. C., the Very Rev. William Matthews died in the 84th year of his age. Born in Charles County, Maryland, he made his course of studies at St. Omer's, and afterwards at St. Mary's, Baltimore. He was the fifth priest, and the first American born, ordained in the United States. His ordination took place in March, 1800; he had consequently been fifty-four years in the priesthood, and more than fifty pastor of St. Patrick's church, Washington, to which he was appointed in 1804. He was justly and universally revered as a patriarch."

Father Matthews was succeeded by his relative and fellow-student at St. Omer's, the Rev. Francis Neale, who in 1812 resigned the office in favor of Rev. John Grassi, a learned Italian. Two remarkable events occurred during the presidency of this distinguished clergyman. In 1814 Pope Pius VII re-established the Society of Jesus, and on the 1st of May, 1815, when his Excellency, James Madison, was President of the United States, the college was raised to the dignity of a university. Shortly after this period, the Jesuits took formal control of the Georgetown University under the direction of the late Bishop Fenwick of Boston, A. D. 1817. Its real day of summer sunshine may be said to have then commenced, although interrupted by occasional clouds and squalls. The Rev. Fathers Dubuisson and Beschter succeeded each other in quick succession.

These were the ancient days of the Georgetown University, and we must only relate, as briefly as possible, the subsequent events. The Rev. Fathers Feiner and McSherry were the only two who died during their term of office. The Rev. Messrs. Mulledy, Ryder (each having served two terms), Fenwick, Stonestreet and Maguire added very much to the improvement of the college. In 1843 the astronomical observatory was erected, and the college incorporated. In May A. D. 1851 the Medical department of Georgetown College was opened in Washington, D. C., and shortly after the Rev. Mr. Maguire entered into office in 1852, another very material improvement was effected by separating the junior from the senior department. These now have their separate colleges, play grounds, &c. It would well gladden the noble soul of its venerable founder to behold, after the lapse of sixty-three years, the poor academy rising in dignity and usefulness, and numbering nearly three hundred students. "*Esto perpetua.*"

THE PRINCIPLES OF FAITH.

ONE who enjoys the happiness of sincere faith in the doctrines of Christ, and whose practice corresponds to his faith, can scarcely realize the thought that very many men of fine intellect and of much general merit should be in this respect blind, while in all others their vision may be remarkably clear. We have known good men to consider that all scepticism was mere pretence; that those who denied revelation did so to affect singularity, or for some other trivial reason, and arguing upon this basis, they would stigmatise the unfortunate unbeliever as also a hypocrite. This is frequently equally unjust and unwise. That flippant young men often deny with their lips all faith in God's revealed truths, while in their hearts, like the devils, "they believe and tremble," we readily concede; but at the same time a wide acquaintance with intelligent men of the world in this country leaves upon our minds the impression that unbelief is as sincere as it is prevalent. And indeed this is no great marvel. Men are naturally influenced by their passions, be they wise or unwise, learned or unlearned, and the passions obscure faith like an impenetrable veil, which nothing but God's grace can rend asunder. But what is grace to the worldling? The small still voice whispers in his ear from time to time that he has other and higher destinies than the goal of his earthly ambition; other and higher duties than those demanded by his calling, and due to society. He hears the voice, he knows it speaks the truth, but like his busy predecessors in the parable of the marriage feast, he has no time just then to attend to it; something else presses which cannot be postponed. Meanwhile, he is selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage, he is rejecting what he may never be able to regain. He stands not alone; his friends about him have the same offers and treat them as he does. "Many are called, but few are chosen," are the words of unfailing truth. After this his heart grows cold; indifference, incredulity, atheism perhaps, follow this ungrateful refusal of God's choicest gifts.

Again, it is obvious to any man of sound mind that truth must be one at all times and in all places, and yet, religion as presented commonly to the American sceptic is full of patent self-contradictions. And the conflicting sects which to his eye represent Christianity, not only contradict each other, but at different times and places, also contradict themselves. It needs not the aphorism of Bos-suet to convince him that what is ever changing cannot be the truth. We Catholics think that he ought to see in our Church that stability and consistency which should characterize true religion, but alas! he has been nurtured on the great historical conspiracy which has consigned the *Catholic Church*, the great representative of Christianity *semper et ubique*, to the power of anti-Christ! He argues then that if two-thirds of the visible kingdom of Christ belongs now, and always has belonged to the arch-enemy, and the other third is entirely at war with itself, denying within itself all the elementary principles of Christian faith, even the Trinity, the incarnation, eternal punishment, baptism, &c., &c., he argues, we say, and justly if his premises were correct, that the entire system is radically wrong, and that he is left without any guidance from his Maker to grope his way through life to the impenetrable darkness of eternity. Perhaps he concedes, as do many logical minds of the highest order, that if there is any truth in revelation, the Catholic Church is the depository, as well as the pillar and ground of that truth, but its fancied errors, together with his own wayward inclinations, deter him from close research, and hold him in the bondage of the common enemy.

The thought that God should speak to him, also, and leave so many others in perpetual darkness, is incomprehensible—he is not better than many others, and how can he believe it consistent with God's justice and mercy that he should be of the elect and they of the reprobate? But he reads not other hearts; he knows not the inspirations breathed in other souls. This is indeed a deep mystery, but Catholic faith teaches that God offers grace to all men, and yet leaves their will free. Furthermore, he is not responsible for what is given to, or taken from others. In all the world about us, we see inequalities of condition of which we know the facts, yet we pretend not to explain them. This man is born a prince, that a beggar; this white, that black; this free, that a slave. The differences are obvious—why, we know not; we only know that God wills them. If providence offers a man riches, he does not refuse, because so many others more deserving perhaps, are left in the depths of poverty—he takes them joyfully, if not thankfully. And so when God, by gentle admonitions offers the first little gifts of grace, it is madness to refuse because, upon a blind supposition, he offers less or none to others. All the little whisperings that enter one's mind in regard to death, which stares us ever in the face, to the futility of all human aspirations, which end in nothing but illusions, and of eternity which stands with its boundless immensity before us, and in which we must so soon be plunged, are God's inspirations to save us. We have free will; we may profit by them; we may be condemned by them. No matter what becomes of others, we have all heard these whisperings, and we know whether we have respected or neglected them.

We will suppose a sceptic honest, and ready to embrace the truth when known, but who receives not Christianity because of its mysteries, because of its apparent contradictions to reason. A year or two since at a great convention of the magnates, clerical and lay, of the Episcopal Church, assembled at New York, after much discussion of mooted points and many appeals to the "fathers" and "ancient canons," an eminent lawyer from Virginia arose, and deprecated all such appeals, in favor of those to *common sense* only. This appears to be taking—is a good blow *ad captandum*, but nothing more—the excellent gentleman must have forgotten that faith and doctrine are superior to all human reasoning, ancient or modern, which he meant by common sense. The wise men of antiquity had this gift, many of them in a preëminent degree, yet it never unfolded to them the sublime truths of Christianity; common sense perhaps prevented Newton and Milton from receiving the doctrine of the Trinity; common sense did not suffice to bring such sages as Jefferson and Franklin into any acknowledgment of revealed truths. Religion has its mysteries which are in nowise to be measured by the human mind; reason and common sense deny the incarnation, but faith soars above our lowly powers and teaches us to receive without question the word of God. But is mystery confined to religion alone? What is man? what life? what death? what the world? what time? what eternity? Each is *per se* a deep, ineffable mystery, and the only key we have to any solution is in the revelation granted by the one Supreme Being, Lord of all.

The sceptic must admit that mystery is inseparable from religion, as it is clearly from common life; he cannot fairly demand any severance. He is willing to place the things of eternity before the things of time—he is willing to "save his soul if he has any soul!" Very well, he feels the immortal longings; he will accept religion—if it will appear to him in an acceptable form. Now what would he have of it; consistency, justice, mercy, faith and doctrine, a way so clear that fools may not err therein. A good life and eternal reward—a bad life (he has

called for justice) and eternal punishment. Would he in his own heart condemn any human being to eternal suffering? The question is idle—he is neither judge nor executioner—his duty is to save himself, not to pronounce upon others.

He will have consistency. ONE FAITH—the faith of the Catholic Church is ever the same, ever consistent; justice—virtue is rewarded, crime is punished; mercy—in mercy the Son of God opened the gates of heaven to all mankind, and the Father in mercy forgives years of crime for one moment of true repentance. If men would act consistently with the explicit doctrines of Christ, we would have a paradise on earth. The way is secure, the guide is appointed, no one need lose himself unless by his own consent. The humblest follower of Christ may find in his Church a guide that cannot err; and the lowly mind, the little child, the fool, as the scripture says, may tread the appointed way, the narrow path in safety. This cannot hold where all are guides, all teachers, all leaders, all critics; but the divine promises were not given to such. *The blind leading the blind*, the scripture calls them in one place—and elsewhere it says, “unless you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.” What means this—that we should return to childish things, to the customs, manners and habits of children? Why, no, but that we should believe with implicit faith, and not assume arrogantly to exalt our own conceits, or private opinion, over divinely appointed authority.

There is one stumbling-block to sceptics that believers have to look to, and that is, that those who profess to believe often belie their professions in practice. There is no denying the fact, and what can the Christian champion say in the defence of such? Little enough, indeed. He can only say, mournfully, that the Church’s own ungrateful children have always done her more harm than all her other enemies united. Again, he may plead human frailty, for they have no exemption from the fate of others,

“Who know the right, but still the wrong pursue,”

and they must bide the consequences. Our Saviour has uttered a due warning against those who give scandal—their professions of attachment to him will avail them nothing without a change of life. Yet it is folly to blame the Church with their crimes, which are ever so many acts of rebellion against her authority.

Over and above all reason, there is always one thing left to the sceptic if he be honest and sincere—and that is, the *right of petition*. Let him ask God for light and for guidance—he acknowledges a Supreme Being who is his Lord, Creator and Master—he cannot believe that Supreme Being unconscious of his existence, or indifferent to it—he cannot think his life, with all his aspirations and hopes, like that of beasts and birds and butterflies—he has an innate sense that God has created him for something higher and nobler. Then let him in spirit prostrate himself before his Maker; let him implore light, and let him follow up the first glimmerings with which it may please the Almighty to illumine his soul. “Ask and ye shall receive,” says our Lord, and so it will prove—to the man sincerely desirous of serving God faithfully, earnest prayer will be heard and answered, difficulties will disappear like mist before the morning sun, and in time the unbeliever, we do not say the scoffer, will find himself kneeling at the communion rail to receive the bread of life, which he who eats, says our Saviour, shall have life everlasting.

Then after long years of tossing on the billows of doubt, uncertainty and despair, the weary soul finds rest and repose in the bosom of the Church, the only harbor of safety on earth. Her direst conflicts are over; trials, temptations, afflictions, persecutions may come, nay, almost certainly await her, but she throws them aside with a supernatural strength. Does not her angel in heaven who always sees the face of her Father (Matt. xxiii, 10), minister to her, and aid her now that she is “to receive the inheritance of salvation?” (Hebrews i, 14).

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

The Washing of Feet.—The Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

WHEN the legal rite had been completed, Jesus laid aside his robe, and girding himself, poured water into a basin, and began to wash his disciples' feet, and wipe them with the napkin which he had girt about him. Amazed at such a humiliation on the part of his Lord, the quick, impulsive Peter, exclaimed: "Thou shalt never wash my feet;" but when our Lord answered him: "If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me," he yielded, saying: "Lord, not only my feet, but my hands and my head."



Washing of Feet.

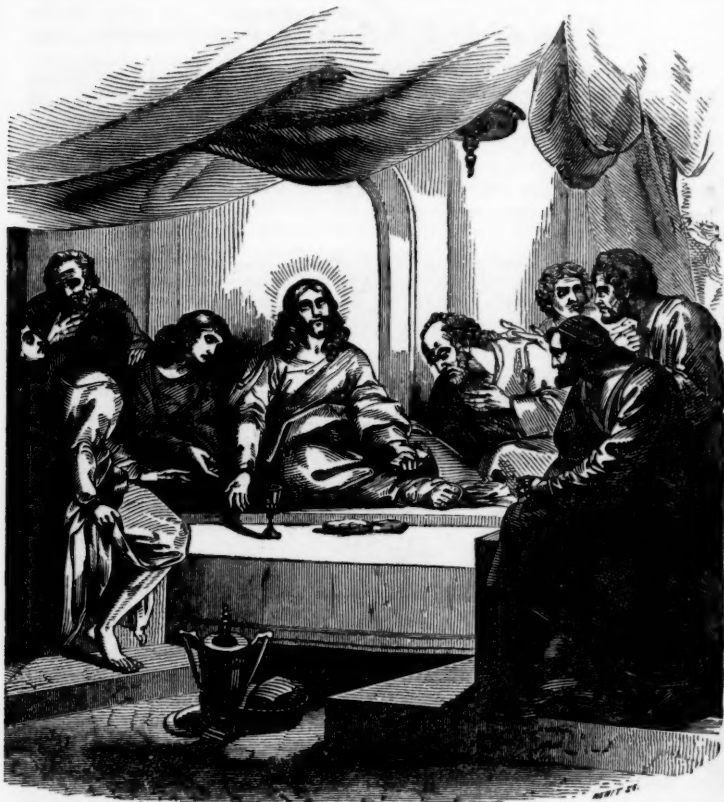
Having resumed his robe and sat down again, he said: "Know you what I have done to you? You call me Master and Lord; and you say well, for so I am. If I, then, being your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so do you also." *

Then preparing for the great mystery he was about to institute, he said: "With desire have I desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer, for I say to you that from this time I will not eat this *figurative one* till it is fulfilled in the kingdom of God," that is, in the new dispensation.

Then taking bread, he blessed and broke, and gave to his disciples, saying: "Take ye and eat: this is my body which is given for you: do this for a com-

* John xiii, 4-14.

memoration of me." Then in like manner taking the chalice he gave thanks and gave it to them, saying: "Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins."^{*}



The Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

Thus in secret, on the eve of his passion, did he institute the priesthood and sacrifice of the new law, establishing his chosen twelve as priests, for they alone of all his disciples and kindred were present: all others who believed in him were deferred till after Pentecost, and then were to partake of the body and blood of the true Lamb, not at his hands, but at those of his apostles.

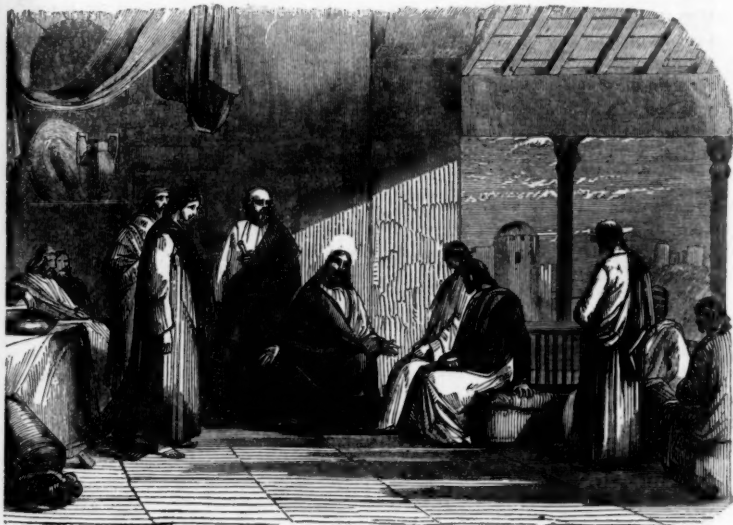
Such was the institution of the sacrament of love, of which St. John could only say: "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them to the end." Such was the institution of that adorable sacrament which the Jews rejected as a "hard saying that no man can bear," but which all Christendom for fifteen cen-

^{*} Luke xxii, 19. Mark xiv, 22. Matthew xxvi, 26.

turies believed without a dissenting voice, and which even at the Reformation only one of the innovators dared openly deny.

"On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with his chosen band,
He the Paschal Victim eating,
First fulfils the law's command;
Then as food unto the brethren
Gives himself with his own hand,
Word made flesh, the bread of nature
By his word to flesh he turns;
Wine into his blood he changes:
What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns."

Then the thought of the treachery of Judas made him groan aloud, and he startled all, save that hardened heart, by saying: "Amen, I say to you one of you will betray me." All looked at each other in trouble, and each asked him: "Lord, is it I?" and Peter whispered to St. John, who reclined on the breast of Jesus, to ask him who it was: and when the beloved apostle asked, our Lord said: "He to whom I shall reach bread dipped," and he handed bread to Judas. The traitor, fearing that he was discovered, again asked: "Lord, is it I?" "Thou hast said it," was the reply, which should have made him abandon his guilty project, but it was a grace rejected. The guilty man went out immediately, and hastened in the darkness of the night to the enemies of his Master, whose enmity kept them awake and plotting.



Christ's last discourse to his Disciples before his Passion.

When Judas had departed Jesus said: "Now the Son of Man is glorified, and God is glorified in him." He told his faithful apostles of his departure, and when

Peter boasted of his fidelity, foretold his fall; above all he impressed on them in a discourse, which St. John has preserved for us, the great duties of humility and charity. He foretold them also their own future persecutions, promising, however, to visit them after his resurrection, and when he had ascended to his Father, from whom he came, to send down the Holy Ghost to teach and strengthen them. Then he prayed for his apostles, and not only for them, but for those also who, through the word of his apostles, should believe in him.

Then singing a hymn he went forth to Mount Olivet with his apostles, having first bid them sell a coat and buy a sword; but as there were two there, he told them that it was enough. Peter, still resolved to stand to the last by his dear Lord, took one and used it, fulfilling the prophecy that the Messiah should be numbered with the wicked.

THE PLAINTIFF THAT WOULD HAVE JUSTICE.

Founded on a German Work of Lentner.

THE inhabitants of the little town of Glurns, in the Tyrol, have been always remarkable for their love of justice. Of this they gave a memorable example in 1519. Swarms of field-mice committed such ravage that it was at last determined to destroy them. But first of all it was necessary to obtain execution against them, so that the proceeding might be strictly according to law. The case then was regularly tried. A lawyer was assigned to the field-mice, who pleaded in their favor with great eloquence, and neglected nothing that might contribute to their acquittal. His efforts proving unsuccessful, the town-crier formally ordered the field-mice to leave the country; they did not obey, and then at last recourse was had to a legal massacre.

The best hotel in this conscientious town is known by the name of the *Stork Tavern*. The stabling department is here particularly excellent and deservedly remunerative to the ostler. Travelers, wagoners, horse-dealers, the farmers who furnish oats, hay and straw, and the millers who supply the establishment with bran, all find it their interest to leave Dietrick substantial tokens of their gratitude. Accordingly the honest fellow considers himself quite a personage of some importance. His air, his words, his gait, his dress, reveal the high opinion which he entertains of himself. He is always neatly dressed, and his boots are always radiant with the best blacking: a beautiful ring sparkles on his finger: his *meers chaum* has a bright silver lid almost as big as a saucer. But his greatest ornaments—the chief sources of his pride—are, or rather were, his umbrella of amaranth-colored silk, and his blue double-caped cloak. He hardly ever appeared in public without these appendages. Even on the finest Sunday he went to walk with his umbrella under his arm, and it must be a day of very extraordinary heat indeed when he omitted to buckle on the cloak. As some justification, however, for this custom, it may not be improper to mention that in the upper valleys of the Tyrol winter reigns supreme eight months of the year, and that the water remains solidly frozen for five or six.

But a cloak worn every day cannot last very long, and one morning Dietrick suddenly discovered that his had grown thread-bare. He blushed when he thought that many other eyes might have already made the same discovery. He

immediately determined never again to wear a garment unworthy of him. The cold season was approaching: at the fair of St. Michael he concluded the business with a Jew, who both sold him the necessary quantity of cloth for making up a new cloak, and bought his old one.

The new purchase was a splendid and valuable piece of goods. It was as glossy as silk. Dietrick, in raptures, took it to the house of Master Pancratz, the chief tailor of the place, and ordered him to make it into one of the most beautiful cloaks ever seen. The artist promised to execute a master-piece, but as he was just then rather pressed with business, he said that he could not possibly have it done before St. Martin's day, the eleventh of November. Dietrick would not entrust such a serious undertaking to a vulgar hand. He would wait then till St. Martin's day, but he told the tailor to keep his promise. The month of October was icy cold: a northwest wind roared in the valley, bringing on winter prematurely. But Dietrick bravely bore up against the nipping frost: in imagination he saw himself enveloped in his splendid cloak, and the pleasure produced in anticipation by the magnificent article of dress, rendered him perfectly insensible to the inclemency of the weather.

Dietrick still preserved none the less of his fine airs, and gave himself all the majesty compatible with his fat cheeks, his beet-root complexion, and his bottle-nose, which was, moreover, badly shaped, and by no means harmonized with his other features.

Every time he met the tailor he naturally asked him: "Well, how is my cloak getting on?" "It is on hand," Master Pancratz would reply; "when it is finished, I tell you the like of it was never seen at Augsburg, nor even at Munich."

Six weeks passed away. The Sunday before St. Martin's day, the faithful tailor appeared before Dietrick with his work carefully wrapped up. Dietrick was dressing for Mass.

"Just in time, Master Pancratz," said he: "the bell will ring in a quarter of an hour."

The artist untied his handkerchief, and with an air of satisfaction gleaming through his professional coolness, he opened out the superb garment, taking care to display all its beauties in the sunlight. Dietrick's countenance literally blazed with joy. "Never before," he exclaimed, "was ostler so magnificently arrayed;" and receiving the soft, rich, heavy cloak on his shoulders, he began to feel for the sleeves. But he could find no opening.

"I believe you have sewed up the sleeves," he said at last to the tailor.

"Sowed up the sleeves?" replied Pancratz. "That would be rather a difficult job, permit me to say, seeing it has got no sleeves at all."

"No sleeves at all?" cried Dietrick, completely horror struck.

"Not a blessed sleeve," replied the tailor.

"And why didn't you make sleeves, you old blockhead?" cried Dietrick, now quite beside himself. "Made no sleeves! What an abomination! Did you want me to die of spite and anger? It is enough to set a saint mad! No sleeves! And why, in the name of every thing stupid and intolerable, *didn't* you make sleeves?"

"In the first place you did not give me cloth enough," answered the tailor; "and in the second, you did not say a single word about them. I did not think you wanted them. Besides they are no longer the fashion."

"Where are they no longer the fashion, pray?"

"At Vienna, at Paris!"

"But I am in Glurns, in the Tyrol! I would not dare to venture out in a cloak

without sleeves! What a wretched excuse! And you pretend, besides, that you had not got cloth enough! That's not the truth, Mr. tailor. That's not the truth! You cabbaged half of it. You had enough to have made six sleeves at least. I understand very well how it is: you snipped off enough to make two or three pair of pantaloons, and as many waistcoats, for your boys."

Hearing these unjust reproaches, Master Pancratz became angry in his turn. His old grey head shook with passion, while he cried out:

"Are you mad, Mr. ostler? It is easily seen that you spent your life only among horses. Three pair of pantaloons and as many waistcoats for my children! Why don't you say I cabbaged enough to clothe all the village?"

"But I gave you ten ells of cloth."

"But prove that with ten ells of cloth I had enough to make the sleeves too."

"There is no need to prove it: it is as clear as day. You would want thirty ells, wouldn't you? At that rate you would soon make your fortune."

"Since you persist in taking it up that way," cried the exasperated Pancratz, "justice must decide between us. I will allow no man to insult me and treat me as a rogue."

"Go and get justice!" replied Dietrick, as angry as ever. "I must have a coat with sleeves, or not one at all."

"Suit yourself in that respect," said Master Pancratz; and he left the room without saluting him.

On the very first court-day, after this dispute, Dietrick appeared before the provincial judge. He deposited the cloak as his chief witness, and said to the magistrate:

"I appeal to your equity: Master Pancratz has made me a cloak without sleeves, though I gave him ten ells of blue cloth. Can I wear a ridiculous garment? Am I to leave a portion of my cloth in the hands of the tailor? Assuredly not. I come then to claim your assistance: let me have justice!"

The Judge was unwilling to decide before he had heard both sides of the question.

"Your case requires consideration," he observed to the Plaintiff. "You have deposited your cloak: that is well. I will have Master Pancratz summoned before me. I will hear his reasons, I will examine yours, and I shall try to settle your difference according to the strict letter of the law."

The tailor was summoned and appeared before the Judge, to whom he presented a paper where he had written out all his measures, and particularized the quantity of cloth employed in each part of the cloak. He then gave verbal explanations to prove that an inch of cloth could not have remained over. The ostler denied the correctness of the calculations, and made a vigorous speech. Pancratz replied in a fury: Dietrick rejoined, and the Judge, bewildered, declared that he should obtain assistance in order to give such a difficult question, and adjourned the case for future consideration.

In the interval Dietrick often secretly watched the tailor's children; and employed others to watch them, hoping by this means to discover under the form of little waistcoats and pantaloons the sleeves, whose absence he took so much to heart. However, not the slightest shred of blue cloth could be seen. He himself sounded Pancratz's apprentice, bribing him with a glass of wine to induce him to reveal the truth if his master had appropriated even ever so little a piece. But he could discover nothing. Pancratz came off victorious even in this artful investigation. He brought forward two other tailors to give testimony in his favor before the court.

"No man," said he, "is bound to do what is physically impossible: and whatever way one sets about it, ten ells of cloth are not enough to make a double-caped cloak with sleeves."

The two witnesses acquiesced in this assertion.

"The Judge can perhaps see clearer into this matter than we," said one of them; "but for our part our conscience compels us to pronounce Master Pancratz completely innocent. To make a cloak with two capes and two sleeves out of ten ells of cloth would be one of the greatest wonders ever seen."

This should have been sufficient to clear the tailor, but Dietrick impeached the veracity of his witnesses, called for a more searching examination of the matter, and demanded other arbitrators. Seven tailors of the district accordingly received orders to appear in court together with the instruments of their profession. The Judge had them shut up in the record-room, surrendered them the bone of contention, and ordered them to examine the question in all its bearings.

After some deliberation the tailors decided on ripping up the cloak, and measuring each piece separately. They did so, and at the end of the operation they found a deficiency of one ell.

"What I said was right then!" cried Dietrick, intoxicated with his triumph. "Master Pancratz is dishonest! One ell missing! Just enough to make me a pair of splendid sleeves!"

But old Pancratz did not consider himself vanquished; he appealed from the decision of the seven tailors, and at his instance the Judge consented to summon from Innsbruck two celebrated artists, to whom their practice in a great city should have given qualifications for judging superior to those of the tailors of the district.

In the interim the time was slipping away: the altercation had lasted two months, and it was now in the middle of February. The snow covered the roads, drifted through the narrow streets of Glurns, and formed deep layers on the mountain sides. Icicles hanging from the eaves gave the houses a joyless aspect. All the winds of heaven contributed to the severity of the season, those of the south not excepted, for they became icy blasts while crossing the chain of the Alps. Fully convinced that he should soon recover his cloak, Dietrick would not purchase another: to be sure he almost froze to death in his waistcoat, but what matter? He had justice on his side, and could not fail to gain his cause.

The two tailors of Innsbruck obeyed the order of the provincial judge. They examined the cloak in its analyzed condition, and came to a different conclusion from that of the seven sages of Glurns. The latter had forgotten to deduct the inevitable losses occasioned by cutting and tucking in at the seams. After giving the matter the closest examination they found nothing more was missing than about the third of an ell; and of such a small quantity of cloth it was impossible to make sleeves. The Judge, at last convinced, gave judgment, clearing Master Pancratz, and condemning the plaintiff to costs. The tailor walked through the village with a triumphant air, and sang louder than ever at vespers, as if to celebrate his great victory.

But the proud Dietrick could not restrain his rage. He appealed to the tribunal at Innsbruck,—the Austrian law permitting this recourse to different degrees of jurisdiction—and the elements of the cloak were transported to the capital of the Tyrol. Winter was over, and the warm breezes blew merrily over the country. "Now," said Dietrick, "I can easily await the decision of the new judges;" and he hired a skilful lawyer. But his opponent was as obstinate. The cloak traveled from Innsbruck to Linz, and from Linz to the High Court at Vienna. Dietrick had paid about thirteen dollars for the cloth: the law suit has already cost him more than one hundred. He has passed the present severe winter without a cloak, but has caught a cold, which makes him cough dreadfully. He thinks that the fine weather is very slowly coming round, but he has no notion of giving up. "I know they must award me my cloak at last," he says, while his teeth chatter with the cold; "for I have right on my side, and justice must prevail."

E. R.

MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.**

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Else Curley reached the Cairn, she was somewhat surprised to find the door of her cabin forced open and the scanty furniture it contained tossed here and there, as if somebody had been searching the house. Lighting a rush candle without further delay, and inserting it in the wooden candlestick attached to her spinning wheel, she threw off her gray cloak and took a hasty survey of the room. Her first glance was at the hearthstone under which Randall Barry had so mysteriously disappeared, when Nannie's blate announced the presence of Hardwinkle's detectives—the second at the cupboard, concealed in the thickness of the wall, from which she furnished the widgeon and wine to her young friend before setting out on his perilous journey to Arranmore. Both however, had escaped discovery—at least there was no visible mark of their having been suspected or examined. Satisfied apparently with these observations, Else drew over her creepie-stool, and sat down to build a fire for the night. Hardly had she touched the tongs, however, for that purpose, when a piece of closely folded paper fell from them on the ashes.

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, picking it up, "what can this be? From Lanty, I'll warrant—it's lake his contrivin, to put it in the joint o' the tongs," and hitching over the creepie nearer to the wheel, she brought the piece of crumpled paper close to the dim light, and read as follows:

"Och! thin, sweet bad luck to ye, my ould darlint; isn't this the purty pickle ye got me into. The hole country's out afther me, and here I am waitin for ye this half hour, with Miss Hardwinkle sighin and sobbin on the pillion at yer doore. Upon my conscience it's hung ye ought to be, to thrate me this way afther all the promises ye made to stay at home. But niver mind, *naboklish*, I'll be even with ye yit, Else, if I only live to get over the amplash I'm in. Of coorse I'm expectin to be shot every other minit, for the polis is afther me in all direcshins. As for the damsel herself, *O hierna!* mortal ears niver heerd the bate of her. Her schreechin brought out ivery livin soul atween here and Ballymagahey. She'd listen naither to rime or raison. I tried to soother her, but ye might as well try to soother a weazel. Bad scan to the haporth she did but squeel and spit at me all the time. Thin I tried to raison with her. I tould her I hadn't the laste bad intinon in life, it bein only the loan of her I was takin in a dacent way, till a friend of mine got over his throuble. That made her worse. She wudn't even stop to listen to me. Bad luck to me, Else, if iver I met so onraisonable a female since the hour I was born. Atween scripthur and schreechin she has nearly driven me out of my senses. Hould! whisht! there, by all that's bad she's at it again as hard as ivir. Oh heaven forgive ye, Else Curley, for the throuble I'm in on your account

this blessed day. But I can't stay another minit—I'm off again over the mountain, and remember if any thing happens me, ye'll find her ladyship at Molshin Kelly's of Carliamore. No more at present, but remain your obedient.

"LANTY HANLON."

"Note bene. As ye valie yer life, keep close to Mary."

"Heh!" ejaculated Else, as she threw the scroll on the ashes again. "Heh! but I'm sorry I didn't get a houl't of ye, ye spawn of the sarpint. Hah, I'd tache ye a lesson ye'd remimber till the clay covered ye. Little ye thought who was watchin ye this mornin, when ye went to Ballymagahey with yer tracts. Little ye thought who the ould woman was that passed for the widow with the three twins—the poor desarted crathur, that's dyin with the curse of herself and her dead husband on yer back. Hah! hah! Randall Barry, ye'll not have so many constables to guard ye the morrow, while such a high bred dame as Rebecca Hardwinkle's to be sought and found. Ay, Robert, ye'll want more peelers than ye can spare, to guard your prisoner, or I'm far out of my reckonin. Hah, devil as ye are, ye have yer match for onct. And now do yer best, ye black-hearted villain, do yer best, and niver fear ivery time ye play the nave I'll strike with the five-fingers."

Else was here interrupted in her soliloquy by the approach of footsteps, and turning in her creepie seemed somewhat surprised to see the tall but stooping form of Rodger O'Shaughnessy entering the cabin.

"Humph! what now?" she demanded, "any thing wrong at the light-house, that yer here so soon?"

"No, nothin to speak of," replied Rodger, familiarly taking a seat, and stroking down the few gray hairs that remained, with the palms of his hands. "Nothin new that I know of—only the wine's all out, and there's no change in the house at present to buy more."

"Hush," said Else, "that's the ould story over again."

"So I thought," continued Rodger, "I'd step up at my leisure to Mr. Guirkie's, and see if he'd buy this picthur. If it brought only a couple of pounds atself you know, we might lay in a dozen or two of chape wine—cape Madeira or so, to keep up the credit of the place."

As Rodger spoke he drew from beneath his coat a small oil painting, and laid it on the table beside him.

"What in the name o' patience is this?" exclaimed Else, after she took it up and looked at it. "Why, ye must be mad, Rodger; it's her mother's portrait."

"I know," replied Rodger, "but, ahem! it's only a copy."

"Copy or not, ye can't sell it. Mary would niver forgive ye."

"We can't starve," said Rodger, apologetically.

"Starve!"

"Of course, when there's nothing left. There's the salt meat ——"

"Hoot, nonsense, yer always complainin."

"Bedad, then, may be I've raison enough to complain, when the bacon's all gone, and not as much as the smell of wine or whisky in the walls of the house. It's aisy for you to talk, Else, but if ye had the credit o' the family to maintain, and nothin to maintain it with ——"

"Yer not so bad off as that, Rodger, altogether, eh, have ye nothin at all left after the bacon?"

"Nothin to speak of. There's some chickens, to be sure but ——"

"Some chickens. Is there no sheep?"

"Ahem! sheep; well, there's three weeny wethers, but sure there's not a bit on their bones. Surely three poor weakly wethers is a small dependence through the long winter. As for the bits o' picturs, the poor child could do nothing at them since that weary cabin boy came; and in troth it went hard enough on me Else, to see the young creature workin away, from mornin till night, unbeknown to her uncle, tryin to earn with her brush what'd buy little necessities for the house, when she ought to be roulin in her coach with her footmen behind her. Och hoch! Else, it's a poor day whin I'm driven to make lyin excuses to sich gentry as the Johnsons and Whatelys, in regard to the house. God be good to us, it's little I thought forty years ago, when I ust to announce Lady Lambton and Lord Hammersly, and Marquis ——"

"Now stop, Rodger Shaughnessy—stop yer claverin," interrupted Else, lighting her pipe, "yer niver done braggin about yer lords and ladies."

"Ahem! braggin—bedad, it's no braggin, Else, but the truth, and not the whole o' that aither, let me tell ye. Ahem! may be, when I ust to get seventeen pipes o' the best wine ——"

"Hoot, hould yer tongue. Here, take a draw o' this till I make some supper. I have a journey afore me, and I can't delay a minit longer."

"Well, ye may think as ye plaze, Else," said Rodger, taking the pipe from his venerable companion, "but they're changed times with us any way, when them that onct thought a castle too small to resave their company, must now starve in a dissolitt light-house. Ochme! ochme! the good ould times when we ust to think nothin of fifty coaches of an evenin, drivin into the court yard."

"Humph, make it a hundher at onct," said Else, what signifies a score or two, in or over."

"Well, may I niver do harm, Else ——"

"Whist, *bedhahusht*, I say, I'm in no humor now to listen to such foolery. I ought to be on the road by this time," and advancing to the cupboard she drew down an oaten bannock from a shelf, and breaking it into several pieces consigned it to her pocket. Then bringing the silver mounted pistol she was in the habit of carrying on her journeys, close to the light, she examined the priming, and finding it satisfactory, thrust it into her breast. "There," she ejaculated, "yer aisy carried any way, and who knows but ye may be of sarvice afore Randall Barry gets clear of his blood-hounds."

"Where are ye bound for, Else," inquired Rodger, "with that waipon about ye?"

"Crohan."

"Yer not bent on murdher, I hope."

"Not if I can help it."

"Bedad, then," said Rodger, "I wudn't trust ye if ye got into one of yer tantrums. Ahem! yer a dangerous woman, Else, when yer vexed, or, as the ould sayin is, yer a good friend but a bad inimy. But, Else, cudn't ye lend us a thrifle o' that money ye got from the Yankee? Ahem! I'd pay it back at the end o' the quarter."

"Not a farthin, Rodger. I'm keepin that for another purpose."

"Well, it's not much I'm askin," said Rodger, "only just the price of a dozen o' wine, and a cheese or two, for the credit o' the house."

"Let the house take care of itself," responded Else, throwing the gray cloak again upon her emaciated shoulders. "I'll have use for the money afore long. Rodger, every bit as advantageous to yer master, as to buy cheese with it, or wine aither. So out with ye—I must be gone."

"Ahem! yer in a mighty hurry, Else; wait till I get the picthur under my coat. Ahem, as for a drop of any thing, I suppose it's not convainient."

"Humph! a dhrop of any thing. I thought it'd come to that at last," and again opening the cupboard, she drew forth a bottle and held it for an instant between her and the light. "Ay, there's some left," she added, laying it on the table. "Drink it, and let me go."

Rodger raised the bottle also, and seeing it nearly full laid it down again. "Ahem! ahem!" said he, stroking down his long gray hairs, and looking wistfully at Else. "Ahem, it's a liberty I take, but if ye have no objection, I'll carry it home with me."

"Carry it home."

"Yes. Ahem! Captain Petersham and the Johnsons 'll be down to-morrow, and there's not a dhrop to offer them."

"Take it then, take it, and away with ye. I ought to be in Crohan by this time."

"Ye might had company," observed Rodger, carefully corking the bottle and dropping it into his capacious pocket. "Ye might had company if ye only left sooner."

"I want none," replied Else, "the dark night's all the company I ask."

"Well, that Blackamore came down with a constable, just afore I left the lighthouse, and took the boy away with them."

"What," exclaimed Else, "turning on her step, "took the boy away in the state he's in."

"Ay did they, troth, and without as much as sayin by yer lave atself. The constable had a writ with him signed by Mr. Hardwinkle."

"Hah, the villain," exclaimed Else, "that's more of his plottin. Was the boy willin to go?"

"Willin—ye might well say that. The minit he saw the Blackamore, he all but jumped out o' bed with joy, and the poor Blackamore himself kissed and hugged the little fellow till I thought he'd niver let him go. Bedad, I niver thought them naigers had so much good nature in them afore."

"And so he had a writ from Robert Hardwinkle," muttered Else reflectively. "Ay, ay, that was the Yankee's doings, I suspect. Humph, I'm beginnin to think from what Mrs. Motherly tould me about the nigger, when he first got a glimpse of Weeks, they must be ould acquaintances, and maybe thought the boy'd tell tales when he recovered his senses. Hah, hah, Robert Hardwinkle, I'm on yer track again, if I'm not greatly desaved. So the boy's gone," she added.

"Ay, is he," replied Rodger, "and mighty well plazed I am at that same, in regard to Miss Mary, for the creatur cudn't do a hand's turn while he stayed—but hould," said Rodger, suddenly checking himself, "ould, I'll wager what ye plaze, he tuck the rosary with him."

"What rosary?" demanded Else.

"Why, Mary's mother's—Mrs. Talbot's, and I never thought of it till this minit."

"The one with the jewels?"

"Ay, and the gold crucifix. She forget all about it, I suppose."

"Forgot what?"

"That she lent it to him."

"She never lent it; she hadn't it to lend since the day the Yankee first came to the lighthouse. She mislaid it somewhere that day, and niver could find hilt or hare of it since. Hoah! ye were only dhramin, Rodger."

"Dramin—bedad, then," replied Rodger, "it was a mighty quare drame, whin I saw it with my own eyes, and handled it with my own fingers."

"Her mother's rosary?"

"To be sure. How could I mistake it? Didn't I carry it a dozen times myself to the jewellers to have it mended, when we—ahem! when we lived at the castle? Bedad, Else, it's not a thing to be aisy mistaken about, for there's not the like of it in the whole world but one, and that same's many a thousand mile from here—if it's in bein at all."

"Ye mane Mr. Talbot's?"

"Of course. They were both as like as two eggs, and a present, I was always tould, from the Dutchess of Orleans to Edward's father and mother, when they went to France long ago."

"Ay," said Else, resumng her seat and looking up sharply in Rodger's face, as if she feared his mind was wandering, "ay 'as like as two eggs,' and where did the boy keep the rosary, for it's strange I never could see it about him, though I was with him late and early."

"Well, ahem!" said Rodger, "I must tell ye that, Else, since ye asked me. Ahem, one day last week as Lanty was going to Roonakill, I wanted him to bring me a bottle o' wine, for feen a dhrop was in the house, and we expected company that evenin. Well it happened Mr. Lee had no money convanient, and naither had Lanty himself, nor Mary, and I did not know what in the world to do in the amplash I was in, for as luck'd have it, the brandy was out as well as the wine, and not a taste of any thing in the house but a thrifle o' whiskey in the bottom o' the decanter. So thinks I to myself since I can do no better, I'll ahem! I'll try, maybe the cabin boy might happen to have some change in his pockets, and I'll borrow it till he gets well."

"So ye searched his pockets?"

"I did," replied Rodger, "ahem! It was not right, I suppose, but seein the pinch I was in, you know I couldn't very well help it."

"And found the rosary?"

"Yes, sowed in the linings of his waistcoat pocket. I thought first from the hard feel it might be gold pieces, and I ripped it open."

"Sowed in the linins of his waistcoat?" repeated Else, pronouncing the words slowly, and gazing vacantly at her companion as she spoke.

"Ay, she sowed it in herself, I suppose, thinkin the blissed crucifix might help him in his sickness."

"Rodger Shaughnessy," said the old woman, suddenly rising, after a long pause, during which she kept her eyes unconsciously fixed on him. "Rodger Shaughnessy, can you swear on the holy evangelist, you seen that rosary in the boy's possession?"

"Of course I can. Why, is there any thing strange in that? Ye seem to be all of a flutter about it."

"No matter—I have my own manin for it. Now go you back to the lighthouse, and stay with Mary; she's all alone, and needs yer company. I must hurry as fast as I can to Castle Gregory, and then back to Crohan."

"The Lord be about us!" exclaimed Rodger, as he stood looking at the receding form of the old woman descending the hill. "What does she mane now? There she's off to Castle Gregory this hour of the night, and thinks no more of it than a girl would of sixteen. Ahem!" he added, buttoning his coat over the picture, and moving off towards the lighthouse; "she's a wondherful woman."

To be continued.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

THE TOMB OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.—Immediately beneath the dome of the gorgeous marble cathedral of the stately city of Milan, is the subterranean chapel which contains the body of this great and good man. A more sumptuous place of sepulchre was never allotted to the relics of human mortality. Basso-relievos of massive silver incrust the roof, plates of gold adorn the front of the shrine, upon removing which a sarcophagus of crystal exhibits the deceased prelate clothed in his archiepiscopal robes, with a crozier begemmed with brilliants lying by his side, and gold and jewels adorning every part of his person. The remains of the Saint are in a state of very remarkable preservation, and his whole body seems to have escaped the ordinary process of decomposition. The fine aquiline nose which so distinctly marked the lineaments of the archbishop, and by which his numerous portraits and statues are so immediately identified, is of the lifeless corse the still characteristic feature; and the discoloration of time, rather than any of the usual ravages of death, seems to have effected change in the aspect of the prelate, whose decease occurred in 1584. Two centuries and a half have embrowned, but not consumed, the fleshy covering of his venerated reliquie. The Milanese naturally regard with extraordinary respect the tomb of their patron Saint, whose body they perhaps rightly deem to have been thus miraculously preserved from decay. We would not impugn that presumption, because we are inclined to share it; we will, however, take occasion to remark that Europe affords many instances of human bodies being, from some peculiarity in the soil wherein they happen to be interred, preserved for centuries in a wonderful state of entirety and incorruption. Beneath the church of Kreuttsberg, near Bonn, are the undecayed corsees of twenty-five monks; and in the vaults of St. Michael's tower at Bordeaux, is a truly remarkable assemblage of dead bodies well preserved, though centuries have elapsed since their inhumation.

If ever a great man deserved well of his countrymen, it was the philanthropic St. Carlo Borromeo. The austerities and self-denial of his private life were incredibly rigorous, while to all with whom his high family and cardinal's rank brought him into daily communication, he was lavish in the exercise of hospitality.

A touching anecdote of his unassuming, self-inflicted penitence, was related of the Saint by the bishop of Asti, who, upon the occasion of a visitation of the diocese, surprised St. Charles, in the middle of a bitterly cold night, studying in a single black and tattered gown. Upon being entreated to put on some warmer garment, the archbishop replied, with a smile, "What will you say if I have no other? The robes which I am obliged to wear in the day belong to the dignity of cardinal, but this garment is my own, and I will have no other, either for winter or summer." The poor had indeed always been the stewards of his worldly wealth! The crowning act, however, of St. Charles's glory, was the indefatigable zeal with which, utterly regardless of personal safety, he labored for the spiritual wants, and administered to the temporal necessities, of his flock, during the great and fatal pestilence of 1575. During that disastrous time, he melted his plate, sold his furniture, and parted with the very bed he lay upon, to provide relief for the poor,—passing his days with the inmates of pest houses, and his nights on bare boards. Conduct like this might well entitle a cardinal archbishop to live in the grateful hearts of his fellow-citizens, and the magnificent sepulchre of Milan attests the fond reverence they still entertain for one who loved and served them on earth, and now prays for them in heaven.

SURELY, one of the best rules of conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid; nor can any thing be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

Swift.

POETRY.—The following beautiful paragraph from the pen of G. D. PRENTICE, will be read with pleasure, especially by the lovers of poetry:

"What is poetry? A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity. It lives in all created existences—in man, and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influences of love and affliction, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of early years, and in the thoughts of glory that chain our spirits to the gates of Paradise. There is poetry, too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning and the star; its cadence is heard in the thunder and in the cataract—its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand voice-harps of wind and rivulet, and forest—the cloud and the sky go floating over us to the music of its melodies—and its ministers to heaven from the mountains of the earth and the untrodden shrines of ocean. There's not a moonlight ray that comes down upon stream or hill, not a breeze calling from its blue air-throne to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring, not a cloud bathing itself like an angel-vision in the rosy gushes of autumn twilight, not a rock glowing in the yellow starlight as if dreaming of the Eden-land, but is full of the beautiful influences of Poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and heavens are quickened by its spirit; and the heavings of the great deep, in tempest and in calm, are but its secret and mysterious breathings."

And from the same graceful writer we print a beautiful specimen of the article he so eloquently describes above. It is entitled

A NAME IN THE SAND.—Alone I walked on the ocean strand,

A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day;
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to me no more;
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with HIM who counts the sands,
And holds the water in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

WASHINGTON.—The most popular and attractive lecture probably ever delivered in this country is Mr. Edward Everett's famous lecture on Washington, recently delivered in this city and elsewhere. Many thought the subject exhausted before hearing the distinguished lecturer, but he happily gave such persons cause to change their views. In fact the great man's character is an inexhaustible theme, and even when his virtues, fully understood, come to be merely rehearsed over and over again, even that will be doing one's country a service. Good and true men will never tire of Washington, and

the youth of America should be taught with each rising generation to make him their model. Whoever imitates him fairly, humbly and remotely though it be, will certainly rise to be an honored son of the great Republic. The theme we say, may grow old, but can never become exhausted, for Washington will be a model for all time.

Perhaps now, more than ever, we need his sage and immortal counsels; we want to hear him proclaim again above all the mad clamor of party violence that the *Union* is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, and that all citizens, whether so *by birth or choice*, should devote themselves to its perpetuity, especially as it is our "political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed." For we find in these days the very assaults against which we have been thus warned by the Father of his country, and we have now to withstand the dread attempts, by him foreseen and deprecated, to "alienate one portion of our country from another, and to enfeeble the sacred ties which now bind together the various parts."

Mr. Everett's lecture has been pronounced in high quarters *worthy of the subject*, a tribute of praise which could not be surpassed by any other form of words. We could wish however, that he had given due prominence to the expanded views of the great patriot in regard to differences in religious faith, or place of nativity. It never entered his great heart that a native citizen should be proscribed for practising the doctrines of the Catholic Church, or that a naturalized citizen should be degraded because of the accident of his birth under another form of government. His magnanimity feared not to compliment the Catholic body of citizens, and thank them for their fidelity and devotion to the cause of our national liberty; and he spoke always of this country as the asylum for the oppressed of all nations. What kind of an asylum would it be, if the oppressed of the old world were only allowed to live and breathe in the air of Republican America, without the full privileges and immunities of equal rights and full citizenship? His large views upon these subjects should be always proclaimed, as well as the other evidences of his greatness.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AS HE APPEARED AT THE BAR IN 1825.—Mr. O'Connell is in particular request in jury cases. There he is in his element. Next to the "harp of his country," an Irish jury is the instrument on which he delights to play; and no one better understands its quality and compass. I have already glanced at his versatility. It is here that it is displayed. His powers as a *nisi prius* advocate consist not so much in the perfection of any of the qualities necessary to the art of persuasion, as in the number of them that he has at command, and the skill with which he selects and adapts them to the exigency of each particular case. He has a thorough knowledge of human nature, as it prevails in the class of men whom he has to mould to his purposes. I know of no one that exhibits a more quick and accurate perception of the essential peculiarities of the Irish character. It is not merely with reference to their passions that he understands them, though here he is preëminently adroit. He can cajole a dozen of miserable corporation-hacks into the persuasion that the honor of their country is concentrated in their persons. His mere acting on such occasions is admirable: no matter how base and stupid, and how poisoned to political antipathy to himself he may believe them to be, he affects the most complimentary ignorance of their real characters. He hides his scorn and contempt under a cloak of unbounded reliance. He addresses them with all the deferences due to upright and high-minded jurors. He talks to them "of the eyes of all Europe," and the present gratitude of Ireland, and the residuary blessings of posterity with the most perfidious command of countenance. In short, by dint of unmerited commendations, he belabored them into the belief that, after all, they have some reputation to sustain, and sets them chuckling with anticipated exultation, at the honors with which a verdict according to the evidence is to consecrate their names.

Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar.

ABSURDITY.—Any thing advanced by our opponents contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

WHAT IS GOD?—God is simple, without body or distinction of parts. He is simple, because He has nothing borrowed. He is good without qualities, great without quantity; Creator, yet needing nothing; every where, yet without place; eternal, without term; and changing all things, without change Himself. He is good with an infinite goodness, and good to all, but specially good to men. He is infinite in the multitude of His perfections, in their intensity and in their magnificence. He is present everywhere, and in different manners, yet nowhere contracting soil or stain. He is immutable; His eternity defends him from time, His immensity from change of place, and His wisdom from change of purpose. He is eternal without beginning, as well as without end; and eternal with a life which exists all at once, and altogether, and with a perfect possession of it. He subsists by the incomparable unity of His blessed nature; and it is the crowning interest of every man in the world that God should be but one. He is sovereign purity, unspeakable sanctity, and most resplendent beauty. He is always in adorable tranquility; no trouble can come nigh His being. He is known to nature, to faith, to glory; yet He is incomprehensible to all. His name is the ineffable God. His science is beyond our thought, and is the source of His ravishing joy. His being is truth itself, and His life is the inexhaustible fountain of life. His will is worshipful, unblamable, supreme; and His liberty is without parallel, and beyond words. His love of His creatures is eternal, constant, gratuitous, and singular; and His mercy is an unfathomable abyss of the most beautiful compassions and condescensions, and no less also of the most delicate judgments and the most tender retributions. His justice is as irreproachable as His sanctity, and as benevolent as His mercy. His power is illimitable and full of love, and His blessedness is inaccessible. Yet all these are not separate perfections; but He is Himself all these excellencies, and He is one—Three co-equal, co-eternal, and consubstantial persons—One only God. Such, in the dry language of the schools, is the description of Him who is our loving and indulgent Father, God over all, blessed for evermore! Amen.

Dr. Faber.

THE PRESENT POPE.—Not a great distance from the capital of Chili there is a lonely grave, in which a man who was dying without hope, now reposes with the blessings of religion. At the moment when human hope was vain, and when the cries of widow and orphans distracted the dying man's thoughts, and rent asunder his heart, a traveler entered the house of mourning The expiring sinner fixed his eyes on the angel of mercy, his heart softened and he wept. He saw and acknowledged the mysterious bounty of God, and cried aloud for the mercy which he received. The stranger closed the sinner's eyes, and with his own hands dug the exile's grave. He wrapped the dead body in his own linen, and carried it to its final home. He planted a wooden cross at his head, and a wild-rose at his feet. That missionary was the present Pontiff of the Church, Pius IX.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF A NATION'S DOWNFALL.—Nations are not ruined by war; for convents and churches, palaces and cities, are not nations. The Messenians, and Jews, and Araucanians saw their houses and temples levelled with the pavement: the mightiness of the crash gave the stronger mind a fresh impulse, and it sprang high above the flames that consumed the last fragment.

Walt. Savage Landor.

FRIENDSHIP.—In the hour of distress and misery, the eye of every mortal turns to friendship: in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is our want? it is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? *My friend.*

TRUISMS.—"Borrowed garments seldom fit well." Haste often trips up its own heels. Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to act. Pride is the flower that grows in the devil's garden. More are drowned in the wine cup than in the ocean. He who buys too many superfluities, may be obliged to sell his necessities.

BEAUTY.—An ephemeral flower, the charm of which is destroyed as soon as it is gathered: a common ingredient in matrimonial unhappiness.

Review of Current Literature.

1. THE VIRGIN MARY AND THE DIVINE PLAN; new studies on Christianity. By M. Auguste Nicolas. Paris: Auguste Vaton. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Of those writers who have devoted their talents to restore Christianity to its position with philosophy, M. Nicolas is deservedly numbered in the first rank. His *Philosophical Studies* is one of the most beautiful and legitimate successes of the age: a success due, not to the dulness and caprice of fashion or the intrigues of a party, but to scientific research, to solidity of doctrine and charm of talent; a success, not marked by vain applause, but by serious conversions; a success in fine not ephemeral, but durable as the religion, which is its object and principle.

Such results should tempt the faith and talent of M. Nicolas and urge him forward in the way he has so gloriously opened for himself. Hence the present volume. It is a philosophical study of Christianity, taken from another point of view. Such is in reality, the nature of Christianity, that its divinity shines forth in whatever way it is viewed, and from whatsoever point we depart, we soon arrive at its heavenly origin. Yet Jesus and Mary, Jesus the foundation and Mary the soil, that bears the divine edifice, are the two centres, to which it is most logical to refer all; whence it is most easy to radiate the different points of the immeasurable circumference. Now what Jesus Christ was in the former studies, Mary is in these. The end of this book is to show that "the dogma of the divine maternity, the object of the veneration of Mary, affects religion throughout and the most elevated relation of the soul with the Divinity is dependent on it:" p. 2. It is the justification of the Blessed Virgin not separated from its Christian base; it is Jesus Christ manifested on His most accessible and most tender side. And this is the proper merit, the real originality of this work. While the forty thousand volumes, to which the subject of the Blessed Virgin's excellences has given origin, suppose faith or even piety, this one, without forgetting the heart, is addressed particularly to the mind; without forgetting the believer, is addressed especially to the philosopher. It is a temple built to Mary on a new territory, her true possession, which is Christianity entirely. For ourselves we have always believed that the grandeur of Mary consisted in her union with her divine Son, whose divine part she shared, and her justification should therefore be united with the justification of Christianity or be itself this justification. We rejoice to see this old and very dear idea so admirably realised by M. Nicolas.

For such works all the praises in the world are not equal to an analysis. As the religion they defend, their expositions is their most victorious justification: *Justificata in semetipsa*. The book opens with a beautiful introduction, which is only a general view of the subject or the basis of the demonstration.

"The adoration of the invisible divinity in spirit and in truth," says Leibnitz, "is the summit of all religion." It is the triumph of Christianity. In the old world God was not known, not even completely among the Jews. The ignorance of the dogma of creation drew after it the ignorance of the divinity. Dualism, pantheism, idolatry, are three routes, three abysses of error, through which passes and in which ends antiquity, philosophy not excepted. Antiquity had the impression of God; it had not the knowledge of God. Hence history proves that the unity of God, spiritual and invisible, was the great field of battle on which the pagan world and Christianity combated. Jesus Christ appears and immediately God rendered visible, brings back to Himself the worship of man, who had become sensual and carnal, in order to render it afterwards to the spiritual and invisible God. The only author of the knowledge of God, Jesus Christ is the only means of going to Him for all men, even for philosophers: for philosophers especially who have more pride: for man is diseased and he must be cured; he is free and can submit to the remedy only through humility. Now if Jesus Christ makes us know God, Mary makes us know Jesus Christ, that is, all Christianity. To main-

tain Jesus Christ true God and true man, the term of our worship and destiny as God; the way, the truth and the life as man; is to maintain Christianity whole and entire. Hence impiety has always attacked the incarnation with all its force, has insidiously endeavored to annihilate it by decomposition or parody. But there is a point, which maintains all the rest, the divine maternity of Mary; and hence the Church has always, but especially at Ephesus, concentrated on this dogma all her efforts, knowing well that this point saved, all the rest of the edifice is secured. As Jesus Christ conducts to God, so Mary conducts to Jesus Christ. She is not only a sign that reveals Him to us, she is also a sacrament that gives Him. Her virginal womb, in which He took birth, is ever the matrix of true Christians and true Christianity. All our dogmas have been perverted: one only remains untouched, the divine maternity of Mary. Her humility has withdrawn her from the dangerous honors of philosophers; their disdain has saved her from their respect. (p. 46). But this point maintained, we said, maintains all the rest: the mother still saves her son. Such is the sum of the subject that M. Nicolas desires to treat, and which he is to consider under three distinct aspects: 1st. Mary, as regards the divine plan: 2d. Mary considered in herself, that is, in the mysteries of her life: 3d. Mary living in the Church, or her veneration and her influence. The two last treatises will form a second volume. May it soon be granted to us. Of this volume the only object is Mary as regards the divine plan.

The divine plan with respect to the creation,—divine plan with respect to the fall,—corollaries of the divine plan, are the three books into which this volume is divided. In the first, The Word is regarded as universal mediator of religion;—in the second, as mediator of redemption; and in both the ministry of Mary is studied under this double view. Her relations with God and the world form the subject of the third book.

2. A Discussion on the question, is the Roman Catholic religion in any or in all its principles or doctrines, inimical to civil or religious liberty? and of the question, is the Presbyterian religion in any or in all its principles or doctrines, inimical to civil or religious liberty? Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It is now exactly twenty years since this memorable discussion took place. The fact that two editions have been issued by Catholics, and none by Protestant publishers, is significant. For some reason or other, the "Discussion" has never been a favorite book with Protestants, even of the Presbyterian stripe. It is not to be had except of Catholic booksellers, and there is no Catholic bookseller, upon whose shelves it may not be found.

These facts furnish a singular commentary on the assertion of Mr. Breckinridge (p. 15), when falsely attributing to Mr. Hughes a desire to suppress, in part, the publication of the debate, he says: "I am consoled by the thought that the young men (of the society, under whose auspices the debate took place) have had so practical a proof that it is not Protestantism, but Popery, which *shuns the light*." For twenty years, this glorious, darkness-shunning, light-loving, discussion-seeking, PROTESTANTISM has been doing all it could to hide the light of this "Discussion" under some friendly bushel, whilst Popery has been all the time at its old work of shunning the light by impudently placing it in a candlestick and endeavoring to make it shine forth as brightly as possible, for the enlightenment of every man that cometh into the world. When will Protestantism become ashamed of making against Catholics the charges, to which itself is particularly obnoxious?

Certainly no one can read this Discussion without deeply sympathizing with Mr. Breckinridge, and believing he spoke feelingly and from experience, when he declared at the close of his last speech that he found Mr. Hughes a most "unamiable" man, and that, had he known, in the beginning, what kind of a man he was, nothing "would ever have induced" him to enter on the discussion. Those who wish to know how amiable Presbyterianism is, have only to look on the inimitable portrait which the "unamiable" but distinguished artist has given us of it.

3. **FIRST COMMUNION: A series of Letters to the Young.** Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the title of a little work, which has passed, we are glad to see, to a second edition in this country. We have read it over and over, and always with renewed pleasure and instruction. We happen also to know its merits by what others say of it. Children, parents, teachers, and pastors, have all one opinion of it. It is the best little book on the subject to put in the hands of "First Communicants." It is nearly a quarter of a century since we enjoyed the privilege of receiving instructions for first communion from a holy priest, and in our turn we have come to help to prepare thousands to approach the holy table; but we are free to confess, we have not heard or read any thing which impressed us so much as these letters.

4. **CONSCIENCE; OR THE TRIALS OF MAY BROOKE.** By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The Catholic community is already largely indebted to Mrs. Dorsey for the part she has taken in the work of establishing in this country a sound and healthful Catholic literature. This indebtedness is again increased by the offering of May Brooke, the last, but not the least interesting of the many favors from the pen of that gifted authoress.

5. **THE HAMILTONS; OR, SUNSHINE IN STORM.** By Cora Berkeley. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This little book seems to have been intended to illustrate the beauty and the charms of virtue, and to show how great an influence it may acquire over those who come within its sphere. True Catholic piety can alone shield the heart, and keep it within the bounds of duty in the days of prosperity, and sustain it in the dark hours of adversity. This truth is aptly illustrated in the story of the Hamiltons, and its perusal must exert a happy influence over the minds of youth especially.

6. **THE SERAPH OF ASSISIUM.** By Rev. Titus Joslin. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This truly edifying life of the blessed St. Francis of Assisium ought to be read by all. No one can rise from its perusal without being edified; no one can follow its pages without deriving therefrom many lessons of profit and instruction.

7. **THE LIFE OF GUENDALINE, PRINCESS OF BORGHESE.** Translated from the German, by Augustine Francis Hewit. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have not had time to read this little volume, but from a hasty glance at its pages, we deem it worthy the patronage of Catholics. Did it want any thing, however, to give it currency, it will be found in the name of the distinguished translator; every thing bearing the sanction of Father Hewit, bears also its own commendation.

8. **THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WEATHER, AND GUIDE TO ITS CHANGES.** By T. B. Butler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

To persons interested in atmospherical phenomena and the weather in all its phases (and who of us is not?) this work will prove interesting and instructive. The author appears to be thoroughly *weatherwise*, and he professes to instruct the reader so to scan the "countenance of the sky," as to be able to discern what is impending with reliable accuracy. Besides scientific observation, the author gives us the traditional wisdom of the people as expressed in homely couplets, many of which he says are of great value and truth—for example:

"An evening red and a morning gray
Are sure signs of a fair day;
Be the evening gray and the morning red
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head."

The book is illustrated with diagrams, copied in some instances from other works, but principally from the face of nature herself, by the aid of the daguerreotype.

9. **A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY IN EPITOME**; by Dr. *Albert Schaeffler*. Translated from the original German, by *Julius H. Seelye*. New York: Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have been much interested in running hastily over this work, which gives a rapid sketch of philosophy and philosophers, from the predecessors of Socrates down to our contemporary *Hegel*, who brings up the last of the long line enumerated and discussed by the author. What shall we say of the substance of the work? We speak our own impressions. The wise men of all ages and of all nations have been really or professedly searchers after truth, and what do they tell us?—where is their testimony? Behold here, in a small compass, the wisdom, in brief, of Socrates, of Plato, of Aristotle, of Anselm, of Thomas Aquinas, and of Duns Scotus, of Descartes, of Spinoza, of Locke, of Hume, of Voltaire, of La Mettrie, of Leibnitz, of Berkeley, of Kant, of Hegel, and of many others; and yet, confused and confounded, the honest inquirer may ask with the dishonest Tetrarch, "What is truth?" Has philosophy fathomed it?—has the wise man descended to the bottom of the well, and brought it into the light of the open day for the admiration of the world? Alas, no! The history of philosophy is the history of contradictions.

In looking over the pages we turned with natural interest to the section which treats of Christianity and scholasticism. The latter now it is true is all out of date, and the former with many would-be philosophers of later times is in not much higher honor. Our author, with no partiality for scholasticism, gives it a title to respect in the eye of the true Christian. "The effort of scholasticism was to mediate between the dogma of religion, and the reflecting self-consciousness; to reconcile faith and knowledge." Surely this was no discreditable effort.

"The Scholastics all started from the indisputable premise (beyond which scholastic thinking never reached) that the faith of the Church is absolute truth; but all guided likewise by the interest to make this revealed truth intelligible, and to show it to be rational." . . . But against this, a new "philosophy broke loose from theology, and knowledge from faith; knowledge assumed its position above faith, and above authority (modern philosophy) and the religious consciousness broke with the traditional dogma (the Reformation)."

If this scholastic philosophy was not all perfect, neither is any which has followed it; but based as it was upon faith, its errors were less mischievous than those of its successors. If faith may not be demonstrated by reason it is because it is above, and not below reason, and yet faith and reason must revert for all truth to the divine inspirations (John xvii, 17) as received and held by the Church.

And what of subsequent philosophy? Independent of French atheism and German transcendentalism and mysticism, turn for a moment to the English school, wherein Locke is or was the great corypheus. "The empiricism of Locke, wholly national as it is, soon became the ruling philosophy in England." Now turn to Hume, whose philosophy could not admit the immortality of the soul, "the soul being only the compound of our notions, it necessarily ceases with the notions—that which is compounded of the movements of the body dies with those movements.

"There needs no further proof," says the author, "than simply to utter these chief thoughts of Hume to show that his scepticism is only a logical carrying out of Locke's empiricism."

How far has the national philosophy of England improved on the scholastic philosophy?

We are not proposing here, however, to write critical notices of any school, ancient or modern—we say the book is interesting because it brings together the wisdom and the vagaries of so many great minds, and we cannot but draw from its perusal this political moral, that the truest philosopher, whether he stoops or soars, must always keep his eye steadily fixed upon Him who "has the words of eternal life." We are taught that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" without this safe beginning there certainly can be no good ending, nor any "clearing up" competent to conduct us to the harbor of truth.

10. *AN ESSAY ON PARTY: Showing its Uses and Abuses, and its Natural Dissolution.* By Philip C. Friese. New York: Fowler & Wells. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have read this "Essay" with deep interest. It is a well written paper, and our only regret is that the author did not enter more at large into the subject. Mr. Friese, in the spirit of a true and liberal minded American, claims all that is justly due to the free institutions of his country, regarding her citizens as the children of a common parent, irrespective of their religion, or the land of their nativity. He examines minutely the component elements of the new political party that has sprung up in the country, and shows dispassionately, but forcibly, the evils likely to follow, should this party gain the ascendancy. The following extract will more clearly exhibit the sound and enlightened views entertained by the author in this part of his "Essay," than a volume of commentary:

"Practically viewed, the political objections to Roman Catholics and foreign-born citizens are both illiberal and untenable. Foreign Roman Catholics and foreign Protestants, when they are naturalized, not only swear allegiance to this country, but renounce under oath, all allegiance to every foreign prince and potentate, including even the Pope, as a temporal sovereign. Native Catholics, like native Protestants, tacitly assume the rights and obligations of citizenship. When Roman Catholics, or Protestants are placed in public office, both swear to support the constitution. The oath is never refused. In all the active duties of the citizen, in peace and in war, Protestants and Catholics, native and naturalized, work and fight, side by side, for the honor and prosperity of the common country. These facts of daily occurrence must dispel the delusion created by interested politicians in regard to the dangerous character of Roman Catholics and foreigners, and their disqualification to hold office. Common sense must triumph at last, and teach every man to judge his neighbor socially and politically, by his merits as a man and a citizen."

We commend the work to the attention of all who would wish to gain useful information on the subject of party, viewed in a political light.

11. *ELEMENTS OF LOGIC, together with an introductory view of Philosophy in general, and a preliminary view of the reason.* By Henry P. Tappan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The author of this work professes in "the present attempt to make out the system of logic under its several departments; and to present it not merely as a method of obtaining inferences from truths, but also as a method of establishing those first truths and general principles which must precede all deduction." Every work of this kind, which soars into the higher regions of thought, must, if written with moderate ability, enlist the interest of the philosophic mind, whether or not it settles any of the deep problems, which have so long baffled the scrutiny of the keenest investigation. From a rapid glance over Mr. Tappan's book, we do not see that it solves any of the ultimate mysteries of philosophy, yet it contains no small amount of interesting matter, and shows evidences of ability and reflection. It would have been more creditable to the author, as a philosopher, to have omitted his erroneous statement as to the severe persecution inflicted upon Galileo by a "corrupt hierarchy," for broaching a philosophy different from that currently received at the time. Such statements do not become a man who presents himself to the world as an apostle of truth. Galileo's philosophy was not new to the learned prelates of his time; he was not persecuted for it at all, severely or leniently; his best friends were, at all periods of his life, among the very class that this gentleman wantonly calls a "corrupt hierarchy." The persecution was the obligation to retract, not a philosophical truth, but a theological error, and that error was nothing less than impugning the truthfulness of the holy Scriptures. The Christian world now generally, Protestant as well as Catholic, concurs in condemning Galileo's theology (as he did himself upon mature reflection), while it admits his philosophy.

BOOKS RECEIVED:—*Yankee Travels in the Island of Cuba.* By Demoticus Philalethes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—*Post Biblical History of the Jews.* By Morris Raphael. Philadelphia: Moss & Bro.—*Ballads of Ireland.* By Edward Hayes. Boston: P. Donahoe.—*Margaret Maitland.* By Mrs. Olyphant. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

Editors' Table.

WELL, kind readers, the heat of summer is again upon us. Old Sol, from his ethereal throne is beginning to make the weary inhabitants of this troubled orb feel the rigor of his power. There's no escaping the grasp of the inexorable old monarch. True, a few of you, who are blessed with ease and long purses, may appease or mitigate his wrath by retreating to shady groves and refreshing fountains, but the great majority of you, like ourselves, poor souls, will be obliged to stand to the tread-mill of toil, and, even during the "six long weeks of August," to grind out your daily bread. But murmur not; such is the hard condition of poor humanity. Go with hope, with confidence, and with alacrity, and enter upon the approaching season; it brings us one link nearer the goal of our mortal pilgrimage, when the trials endured by the good and the virtuous in this world of sorrow, will change and brighten into the joys of eternity. Take with you the present number of our goodly magazine, and as you journey onward, solace the weariness of the hour by scanning the following verses. Do not, however, stop to scrutinize their defects, but think only of the love and charity of the Son of Man, which they so beautifully recall. They are the first offering of a fair and youthful poetess, who needs but care and encouragement to attain success:

THE BLIND MAN BY THE WAYSIDE.

Brightly smiles the summer's sun,
On lake and grove and fount and bower,
Resting with golden beams upon
Each stately tree and lovely flower;
While the long waving lines of light
Play on the green enamelled turf,
Making a scene so soft yet bright,
A paradise of this our earth.

Lightly thro' the Acacia leaves,
Faint with its perfumed laden sighs,
Whispers the gentle summer breeze,
Until oppressed with sweets—it dies.
More joyous than the zephyrs sigh,
The feathered minstrel of the grove,
Pour forth in one long melody
The gladsome songs of grateful love.

Amid these scenes of loveliness,
With earth and heaven alike so fair,
Where nature glows with happiness,
Can there be sorrow, pain or care?
See 'gainst yon palm tree's stately stem,
There leans a youth so sad and weary,
As tho' heaven had no joy for him—
And earth was desert, blank and dreary.

His downcast eye and clasped fingers
Quiver with some heartfelt grief,
That in his spirit deeply lingers,
Seeking vainly some relief;
Until at last—with voice impassioned,
Thrilling with a mournful fire,
In burning language, fitly fashioned,
Speaks he thus his soul's desire—

"Blind! alas! and doomed in life's long night
To drag my weary span—nor once behold
That bright, effulgent, heaven-born light,
That clothes the earth, and decks the skies with gold.
How can I live and never see
The waving beauty of the flowery plain,
Glowing with nature's jewels! Oh misery!
Oh never, never-ending source of pain!"

"The summer's wind that lightly fans my brow,
And cools the burning fever of my blood,
Whispers to me in murmurs soft and low
The unseen loveliness of stream and wood.
The silver ripple of bright Jordan's waves,
That answers back the wild bird's joyous song,
As sparkling, flashing diamond-like—its laves
The fragrant banks and flowers and flows among,

"But fill my soul with one, the fond desire,
Once more before I die to see fair nature's face,
To worship in her temple and adore
Him—whom in all her beauty man can trace;
But blind! alas! oh woe beyond all thought!
Friendless, sightless, joyless and alone,
God of my fathers! without Thee I've naught.
Then hear, oh hear, I pray, my heart's wild moan."

While thus with many a bitter tear
The youth pours forth his soul's deep sorrow,
A distant murmur meets his ear,
A faintly echoed glad "Hosanna!"
Awhile he lists, in silent wonder,
To the fast approaching sound,
So like the distant roll of thunder,
The tread of numbers on the ground.

Till all along the shady highways,
Down the hill sides, on the plain,
The multitudes crowd from the by-ways,
Making the echoes ring again
With the triumphant "Benedictus,"
Sounding from ten thousand tongues,
Confessing thus the humble Jesus
With homage of adoring throngs.

"Hosanna! in excelsis, hail!"
(The multitude with one voice sang)
"Blessed be the Lord's anointed Jesus,
The great Messiah—God made Man;"
While in His path the palm branch strewing,
Emblem of that "peace on earth"
And that "good will" in all hearts glowing,
To which His passion should give birth.

As when the huntsman's distant warning
On the autumn's breezes borne,
Rouses the stag, while careless roaming
The moss-paths of his forest home;
So the ringing songs of gladness,
Roused the blind man from his grief,
Chased from his brow the bitter sadness,
And brought his darkened soul relief.

Silent he stands—half hoping, doubting,
Could this the great Messiah be?
For whom the multitudes were shouting;
He whom even demons must obey.
At length no longer hesitating,
Moved by a sudden heaven-sent faith,
Humbly in the dust prostrating,
A prayer for light he meekly saith.

Then thro' the numbers blindly breaking,
With eager, strained, yet sightless eyes,
Vainly the blessed Jesus seeking,
In loud and earnest voice he cries:
"Thou Son of David! oh have mercy
On my life-long misery!
Place thy healing hand upon me,
Grant, oh Lord! that I may see!"

Thro' the shout and wild hosanna
 Reached his cry—the Saviour's ear,
 Who heard its deep and soul-felt sorrow,
 And standing bade them "bring him here."
 He came, and low in homage falling,
 Worshipped at the Saviour's knee,
 Still upon His mercy calling,
 "Son of David make me see."

With a look so sweet and loving,
 O'er the suppliant Jesus bends,
 Pity on each feature glowing,
 To His face a glory lends—
 A grace, a beauty, far surpassing
 Aught of earth or mortal mould,
 While His brow of regal bearing,
 Him Lord of all—the Man-God told.

"My son, what wouldst thou I should do thee?"
 Spoke the gentle pitying Lord;
 While in homage deep and lowly
 Hushed the throng to hear His word;
 E'en nature ceased her glad disporting
 At her Creator's solemn voice,
 In awe-struck expectation waiting
 To see the wonder and rejoice.

"My son, what wouldst thou I should do thee?"
 "Grant me, Lord, that I may see!"

"And hast thou faith? believest thou truly
 I can do this thing for thee?"
 The blind man paused, and then replying
 With a solemn voice and loud,
 That all the multitude might hear him,
 Said—"Lord, I believe thee Son of God."

Then Jesus, with a mien so loving,
 Placed His hand upon the brow
 Upraised to Him with earnest craving,
 Said in accents soft and low:

"According to thy *faith*, my son,
 Do I grant thy prayer to thee,
 As thou believest be it done,
 Raise thine eyes and look on me."

Prostrate at His feet adoring,
 Bathing them with grateful tears,
 Lay the once blind man before Him,
 Naught but his Saviour's voice he hears;
 Tho' earth and heaven alike are thrilling
 With the joyous burst of praise,
 That far and wide the echoes filling,
 Swell yet louder on the breeze.

"Hosanna! in excelsis, hail!
 Be Thou in heaven and earth adored,
 Glory eternal unto Jesus,
 Heaven's chosen one—earth's mighty Lord."
 While thro' the blind man's bosom swelling,
 Love immeasurably awakes,
 His every look and gesture filling
 For Him who all our sorrow takes.

In all that throng but *one* form seeing
 Gazing in the Saviour's face,
 'Mid all the sounds but *one* voice hearing,
 Clasps His feet in close embrace:
 Who says in accents low and tender,
 "Go, my son, and sin no more—
 In all thy life *this* day remember,
 Remember thou wast blind before."

G. S. G.

"Household Memories! There is a beauty, Mr. Oliver, in the following stanzas from our friend Fidelia, which I much admire. Where is the man that has not realized in his own bosom the sentiments they contain?"

A HOUSEHOLD MEMORY.

Before thy death no boding scream
 Disturbed the silence of the night,
 No pallid Banshee round the door
 Forewarning walked, in spectral white.
 No Keenie song bewailed thee dead,
 No ululua broke the air,
 No frantic wailing round thy bed
 Marred faith's submission with despair.
 Yet sweetest shadow of thy fate
 Fell on our hearts and deeper grew;
 Thy rose tree died without a bloom,
 Then from the root sprung up anew!
 Fit emblem of thy budding life,
 O'er which the earth has wrapp'd its gloom;
 Fit emblem of that life to come,
 That breaks the fetters of the tomb.
 Thy mother's silent grief and mine,
 Subdued by heavenward hope and faith—
 Was mourning meet for thy meek soul
 That sunk so patiently to death;
 And for thy keen—unopened flower!
 By angels gathered from the stem—
 The holiest song ear ever heard,
 The Church's solemn "Requiem."

FIDELIA.

While Mr. Oliver and O'Moore were compromising matters in their own way, Father Carroll entered the sanctum, holding in his hand several large and oddly printed papers. Though bland and affable as usual, there was an air of seriousness visible in his countenance. After passing the compliments of the evening, and apologizing for his late attendance, he observed: "Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a report of the proceedings which lately took place in the British House of Commons. Maynooth, the venerable old Maynooth, so bright in the memory of the past, and with which so many of my early associations are linked, has lately become the subject of attack by English statesmen. Scarcely has the peace of Europe been proclaimed, when fanaticism is rampant in the council of the nation, and the representatives of the people controlled by the veriest bigots, offer a solemn and deliberate act of insult to the Catholic portion of her Majesty's subjects. The old hackneyed charge of disloyalty and distrust is revived against the Catholics of Ireland, while the noble deeds of daring and valor displayed by the Irish Catholic soldiers during the recent war, are still fresh in the memories of all. But their own loyalty and the heroic devotion of their beloved clergy, who shared with them the dangers of the battle field, have been insufficient to shield them from the attacks of insatiable fanatics. . . ."

"Rev. Father," exclaimed O'Moore, interrupting the speaker, "do not waste your breath about so trifling a matter. England would not be England, if she let any opportunity pass without offering insult to the faith of her Catholic subjects. And for the annual stipend allowed to Maynooth, let her take it, and devote it if she pleases to the worthies of Exeter Hall. Maynooth can live without it; and will live and flourish as vigorously as ever in the spontaneous offerings of Ireland's generous-hearted sons, in spite of all the Spooners in the dominions of her Britanic Majesty."

"True, Mr. O'Moore, I verily believe the attempt will recoil upon the heads of those who projected it, and prove beneficial to the object they sought to injure; still there is something in the transaction so void of honor, principle and justice, that one cannot view it without feeling indignant."

"Really, Father Carroll, some of the members, in the discussion that followed on Spooner's bill, behaved themselves cleverly; and they have thrown out a little information that may not be lost to the public. Listen to the following:"

Here O'Moore reads from the report of the proceedings in the House while the bill for the withdrawal of the Maynooth grant was under consideration: "Mr. Black, the liberal member from Edenburg moved as an amendment that not only the Maynooth grant, but all the other Ecclesiastical endowments in Ireland, be taken into consideration. Of the £764,403 annually granted by the State for the support of the different religious bodies in Ireland, the Roman Catholics received no more than £26,000, and he was, therefore, astonished that Mr. Spooner, who represented that church who received State support at the rate of £5 8s. per family, should begrudge the 8½d. per family paid the Roman Catholic Church. Mahomedans were occasionally to be seen in the speaker's gallery, and he felt assured that if there were any present that evening, and they should be informed that the House was disputing about the support of the different religions in this country, they would most naturally infer that it was the people who were in receipt of 8½d. per family from the State who had instructed their representatives to complain of the State grants made to that body which received £5 8s. per family. But what would be the astonishment of those Mahomedans upon being informed that the reverse was the case? The Roman Catholics had received State support for the Maynooth College for the last sixty years. It was secured to them by an act of the Irish parliament, which was confirmed by the Act of Union."

"It is some consolation," observed Father Carroll, at the conclusion of the above, "to find that the measure had so many able opponents on the floor of Parliament; but I am even better pleased with the tone of many of the leading English journals. The infamous act has even roused the *Times* into a sense of propriety, although it must surely go much against the grain. It enlarges upon the life, the poverty and the trials of the inmates of Maynooth, and after showing that the grant is not a portion to be coveted, exclaims: 'Maynooth has ever stood between the people of Ireland and that of total spiritual destitution with which men who pretend to speak in the name of Christianity would have afflicted her, and it has provided her with a peasant priesthood able to sympathize with the feelings of the people, and to give to a nation singularly susceptible of religious influences those ordinances and that teaching which, with whatever errors they may be alloyed, maintain among them that spiritual life which has so often comforted them in misery or despair. . . . We trust all Englishmen may yet awake to the absolute necessity of conciliating by every lawful and reasonable means the regard and affection of a grateful and sensitive people, who require nothing but the removal of invidious distinction in order to make them the truest, most devoted, and the heartiest servants over whom the gentle rule of the British crown and British parliament extends.' Tardy justice this, but it serves to shew that the outrage must be great indeed to extort such indignant remonstrances from journals to all intents and purposes anti-Catholic."

"The *Daily News* is equally just in its remarks. 'The gauntlet of defiance,' observes this journal, 'has most unnecessarily and wantonly been thrown down to the Irish Catholics. The Maynooth question is not a question of the sustenance of Romish priests, out of the proceeds of the national taxation. The Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is 'a great fact.' It counts numerous votaries who maintain their own priests, build and keep in repair their own places of worship, and contribute to defray the expenses of the ceremonial observances of their Church. For all these purposes they ask no aid from Parliament, and they receive none; the grant to Maynooth is simply to provide for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Deprive the Irish Roman Catholics of Maynooth to-morrow, and you will have as numerous a priesthood as ever—as strong a bond of union among the members of that Church as ever. . . . We think it a most outrageous injustice to withhold from them what is freely granted to others, under the false and insulting pretext that they are not to be trusted.' The editor winds up by saying:—'We do not believe the sentiments we

have expressed are those of a minority of Englishmen. We believe that the vote of the majority on Mr. Spooner's side is a silly and a dangerous vote, and the sooner the House of Commons retracts the dangerous vote the better.'

"But the best commentary on the whole proceeding," continued Father C., "is to be found in the subjoined article from the *London Illustrated News*. I would heartily commend its perusal to those among us who seek every occasion to revile their Catholic fellow-citizens, and to traduce their religion. The sound views of the writer, though addressed to the people of England, are applicable to the inhabitants on this side of the Atlantic:"

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE MAYNOOTH GRANT.

A NEW war has commenced—a war infinitely more bitter, more damaging, and more deplorable than the war with Russia, which has just been brought to a premature, and perhaps unsatisfactory, conclusion. Mr. Spooner, a theological zealot, backed unfortunately by a large party in the House of Commons, has declared open war against the religion of six millions of his fellow-subjects in Ireland; has prevailed upon a temporary majority of the House to insult that faith and its priesthood; and to undo, in so far as a decision of one branch of the legislature can undo it, the beneficent work of the last six years in a country that only needs repose from theological strife to learn how to prosper. The government vainly opposed Mr. Spooner's motion for the disendowment of Maynooth; and has suffered the disgrace of defeat upon a question on the decision of which it ought to have staked its existence. Of course we cannot imagine any thing so preposterous and so mischievous as that the House should ultimately pass the bill which Mr. Spooner has received permission to introduce; but that it should so far have encouraged the theological rancor of those who care nothing for justice, nothing for peace, nothing for charity, nothing for the consciences of those who differ from them, provided all these be placed in the balance against their own religious convictions, is a matter no less of scandal than of regret. Worse, far worse, than foreign war is the civil warfare of religion. Ireland—that might be, and was rapidly becoming, a source of strength—will become once more a source of weakness to Great Britain, if means be not promptly taken to repudiate the motion of Mr. Spooner to which, in an evil hour, the House of Commons has lent its countenance. What foreign potentate in the world, whatever his armies or his fleets, has it in his power to loosen the allegiance of six millions of British subjects? Not one. But what all the coalitions of Europe and America would be powerless to effect may be effected by religious hate, if its progress be not checked by that Assembly which, through inadvertence rather than from determination, has allowed it to achieve this temporary, but must unfortunate, triumph.

The question of the endowment of Maynooth must not be treated as a theological one. The House of Commons has nothing to do with theology, and is in no sense or way a theological body, or competent to discuss theological subjects. Part of its members are Protestant, considerable numbers are Roman Catholic, and many belong to sections of Protestantism which would, if they had the power, be as ready to destroy the Church of England as the Church of Rome. While the House keeps clear of religion, respects the consciences of those who differ from it, and comports itself as a purely secular body, charged with the making of temporal laws for a mighty nation, which has abolished all religious disabilities affecting Christians, and every disability but one affecting Jews, it conforms to the spirit no less than to the letter of the constitution under which it is elected. But when it affixes, or attempts to affix, a stigma upon, and to break a solemn compact entered into with millions of people who have the same right to be Roman Catholics that any member of the House of Commons has to be Protestant, it not only attempts to violate the constitution, but does so in a manner the most pernicious. If Roman Catholicism were as powerful in Parliament as Mr. Spooner was on Tuesday night, Roman Catholicism might decree that Spooner was a nuisance that ought to be abated; that he was not a fit person to be intrusted with the electoral fran-

chise or with a seat in the House of Commons, or, going still further, it might decree that he should be immured for life in a dungeon, or publicly branded as a dangerous heretic and enemy of the true faith. How would Mr. Spooner and his friends like that? Would they not lustily cry out against the persecution? Have the divine words never fructified in the minds of such persons, that "with what measure ye mete, it shall be meted to you again?" It should be sufficient to them to be at peace with their own consciences, without troubling themselves about the consciences of others, who have the same right to their belief, and to their civil and religious liberties, that they have.

Certainly it may be wrong to pay for the education of Roman Catholic priests out of the public money. We will not take it upon ourselves to assert that it is right, or that if no one had ever thought of endowing Maynooth we should have been very grateful to the person who first brought forward the proposition. But it is as clear as noon, or clearer, that, if it be wrong to pay a small sum of the public money for the education of the poor priests of six millions of Irishmen, it is equally wrong, if not far more so, to pay large sums for the support of a church in the same country which is not the church of the people, and which scarcely numbers one million of adherents. If the grant to Maynooth be rescinded the doom of the Protestant Church in Ireland will be sealed. Mr. Spooner, perhaps, does not see the connection between the two, but there are many millions of persons in England who do, and who desire nothing better than to cut religion adrift from all connection with the State, and to leave the Protestant Church in Ireland to stand or fall by the voluntary offerings of its own congregations. Voluntaryism has achieved one great triumph this Session, in the defeat of Lord John Russell's Educational Bill; but voluntaryism in the matter of Maynooth would be the first, and no inconsiderable, step to something far more serious—the downfall of the Protestant Church of Ireland. How long the Protestant Church of England would maintain its State connection after such an event in the neighboring country is not our present purpose to discuss; for we believe there is sufficient good sense and true patriotism in the present House of Commons to undo Mr. Spooner's work, and to consign his bill to the limbo of all other Parliamentary crudities, absurdities, and mistakes—the waste-paper basket of the House. We wish it were as easy to undo the moral effect of his victory upon the minds of the Irish people. When the State wants money, or soldiers, it never asks, or cares, whether the tax payer or the hero be a Protestant or a Roman Catholic; and it is rather too bad that, ere the peace be well declared, which the money and the valor of all classes and sections of the people have won, theological bigotry should let out the waters of strife in a new direction, and insult a third part of the empire.

We do not hold the Government blameless in this matter. It had no business to be defeated. It was its duty to triumph over Mr. Spooner. But, now that it has been caught sleeping, it is more than ever its duty to be on the alert, and to give a final quietus to the unhappy agitation which it has allowed to assume such unlooked-for proportions. It is the duty of the Government to speak boldly out, and to stake its existence, or that of the present House of Commons, on the stability of the solemn contract made in 1845 by Sir Robert Peel. The question of Maynooth is not a religious one, though it may suit the purpose of Mr. Spooner and his friends to treat it as such. It is a question of national policy and good faith. The country that has just spent a hundred millions sterling, and shed the blood of thousands of its bravest sons, in order that Turkey should be admitted into the European system, is not the country, one would think, to reject from its own political system one-third of its loyal and well-disposed subjects, because it suits the prejudice of another portion of its subjects to treat the Roman Catholic faith as heresy and error. Could we believe that the House would sanction any further proceedings in the matter, or that the Ministry would not immediately end the scandal by a display of its authority, we should rejoice at the day which should end both the Parliament and the Ministry, and replace both by a Legislature and an Executive more in accordance with justice and with decency.

Record of Events.

From April 20, to May 20, 1856.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—Among those first to render thanks to Almighty God for the restoration of peace, was the Holy Father Pius IX. On the 3d of April solemn thanksgiving for the much desired event took place at the Sistine chapel. After mass, the Sovereign Pontiff himself intoned the *Te Deum*, which was chanted with enthusiasm by those present, who seemed to participate in the ardent wishes of the Church in being ever desirous of maintaining concord among Christian princes.—It is rumored that the Holy Father will celebrate during the year 1857, the Anno Santo, or the Holy Year, which the troubles of 1850 prevented him from celebrating. During that year the spiritual treasures of the Church diffuses throughout the world the graces of a general jubilee.—It is stated that important arrangements have been made between the Holy See and Naples, relating to the nullity of marriages, the nullity of religious professions, and the suspensions granted by the bishops. On the first point the Pope, "in order to give to his dear son in Jesus Christ, Ferdinand, the illustrious King of the Two Sicilies, a testimony of his kindness, and to comply with his wishes," decided that the privilege of contracting marriage, at present confined to the first two prohibited degrees, shall be extended to the third and fourth degrees, provided the applicants be really poor. But in such cases the supplication to be addressed to the Holy See is to set forth exactly the poverty of the parties, and the canonical causes which induce them to solicit the dispensation; and the Rescript conceding the dispensation is under pain of nullity to make express mention of the permission obtained from the Holy See, and of the date on which it is obtained. As to the nullity of the religious professions, it is decided that the person who, after the five years prescribed by the Council of Trent, shall wish to return to the world, must, first of all, petition the Holy See. Then the Pope, if, on inquiry, he finds there is a sufficient reason so to do, will refer the petition to one or more bishops of Sicily, to be examined. On the receipt of the report thereon, the Ordinary, on his part, will examine into the affair, and will also report to the Pope; and this second report will be submitted to another tribunal of bishops. If the two reports agree, the monk or nun may be relieved from his or her religious vows; if they differ, they are to be revised by different tribunals of prelates, so as to have always two decisions in favor of such relief. As to the third point, it is declared that as suspensions pronounced by the Ordinary cannot be considered as causes subjected to the forms of a public judgment, parties whom they concern can only appeal to the Sovereign Pontiff.—It is thought that the Abbé Bonaparte will shortly be promoted to the rank of Cardinal. On Holy Thursday he received the Holy communion from the hands of the Pope, together with Cardinal Antonelli and the twelve poor men who represent the apostles at the washing of the feet at the last supper.—The concourse of strangers at Rome to witness the concluding ceremonies of Holy Week, exceeded 25,000. Numerous conversions to our holy faith have recently taken place.—A Novena was lately made for the conversion of Protestants. On the first or second day an American gentleman made his abjuration; and before the end of the week two Germans did likewise; and a week later several Englishmen were received into the Church. In consequence of this it is proposed to hold another Novena in thanksgiving for the happy results of the first.—On the 12th of April, the anniversary of the accident to the Holy Father last year, the Pope celebrated his wonderful escape on that occasion, by re-opening the Church of St. Agnes; offered up the holy sacrifice of mass in person, and gave communion to the youths of the Propaganda.

SARDINIA.—A probable reconciliation of Sardinia with the Holy See is spoken of. A movement towards this event has been started, and with apparent prospects of suc-

cess. The Sardinian government, through Count de Cavour, has promised to open negotiations with Rome provided France will act as mediating power. This being communicated to Cardinal Antonelli, his Eminence returned a dignified and satisfactory reply. He commences by thanking France for the solicitude which she manifested, and then proceeds to make a distinction between the two kinds of mediations generally seen in political affairs. The first enters into the very groundwork of the matters in dispute, weighs the reasons for and against; decides which party is right, and recommends the arrangements which ought to be decided on. The second kind consists simply in employing one's good offices, but without presuming to decide the question in dispute. That being laid down, it was evident that the Holy See, in its difference with Piedmont, could not accept a mediation of the first description. The dispute did not regard political, but ecclesiastical questions, involving the doctrine and discipline of the Church. But on such questions the Holy See was the only competent judge. As to the second kind of mediation the Holy See would see with joy France employing her good offices; but it was with Piedmont that she would have to act, since it was that power which up to the present time had thrown obstacles in the way of a prompt and equitable arrangement. The Holy See had always manifested the most conciliatory disposition, as was clearly proved by the series of documents published by the Secretary of State's office, and which had up to the present time remained without a word of reply.—The Nuns of the Sacred Heart were sustained in their appeal to the higher court, from the sentence passed upon them by the provincial tribunals for refusing to submit to the "enquiry."

SPAIN.—The news from Spain is unimportant, except that indications of an insurrection had occurred at Valencia. Among the beautiful and soul-touching customs that prevail in Catholic countries, that of making solemn processions every year at Easter, for the purpose of administering the Parochial Communion to those whom sickness or age prevents from attending the church, is one of the most interesting. A correspondent of the *London Catholic Standard*, thus writes from Madrid touching this custom:

"Yesterday it was the turn of the parish of St. Peter, and, accordingly, after hearing a low mass at the magnificent church of St. Isadore, I directed my course to the church of St. Peter. The procession was just coming out, and I joined it. First came the parochial cross and several banners of the saints, and the sides were formed by several parishioners carrying wax candles in their hands; next came the choristers, singing anthems in the grave Gregorian chant; and after these the band of a regiment, with heads uncovered, playing marches when the choristers ceased: the clergy followed, and next, under a beautifully embroidered canopy, the high priest carried the Sacred Host, which was by its august presence about to impart consolation to many bosoms for whom the world had but few sympathies. On each side of the canopy marched six soldiers in respectful mood, guarding the Lord of Armies; the procession being closed by a company of military, followed by a numerous and pious crowd. The streets through which the procession passed presented a singular aspect for one unaccustomed to processions. All the balconies were decorated with hangings of different colors and materials, and behind them the people knelt with reverence as the procession moved, and some threw leaves of flowers on the canopy. At last we arrived at a house in which the Blessed Sacrament was to be carried. All stopped, and as the priest moved towards the entrance, the commanding officer gave the order to kneel; the arms were lowered in homage to God, and the band struck a march, called *Royal*, and which is played at the appearance of the Queen in any public place; because here the royal honors are given to God, and not the godly honors paid to kings, as in the time of Elizabeth and James, the abettors of heresy, in your unfortunate country. Whilst making these reflections the priest reappeared with his attendants, and the same scene was repeated as when he entered."

FRANCE.—The Treaty of Peace, lately signed at Paris, formed the chief subject of comment and discussion among the public journals. The terms of this important treaty are now made public, and are stated to be:

The first restores perpetual friendship between Great Britain, Sardinia, Turkey, France and Russia.

Second—All territories conquered or occupied during the war shall be reciprocally evacuated as soon as possible.

Third—Russia restores to Turkey Kars and all other parts of the Ottoman territory.

Fourth—The allies restore Russia the towns and ports of Sebastopol, Balaklava, Kamiesch, Eupatoria and Kertsch. [Articles 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th are wanting.]

Ninth—The Sultan communicates to the Powers his *firman* granting equality to Christians which the contracting Powers must approve of, but divest themselves of all right thereby to interfere in the internal administration of the Government of the Ottoman Empire.

Tenth—The Convention of 13th July, 1841, closing the Bosphorus and Dardanelles is re-affirmed.

Eleventh—The Black Sea is neutralized and for ever forbidden to all ships of war of every Power adjoining or distant, with the exceptions specified in articles 14 and 19.

Twelfth—Trade shall be free in the waters and ports of the Black Sea, subject only to police regulations, Russia and Turkey admitting Consuls to all ports on its shores.

Thirteenth—The Black Sea being neutralized, strongholds become useless—consequently Turkey and Russia agree neither to construct nor preserve any military maritime arsenals on the coast.

Fourteenth—The Convention regulating the force of ships for coast-service is concluded individually between Turkey and Russia, but is appended to this treaty, and cannot be altered without general assent.

Fifteenth—The act of the Congress of Vienna relative to river navigation is applied to the Danube and its mouths, and its freedom becomes a part of the law of the Empire.

Sixteenth—To carry into effect Article 15, France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia and Turkey, appoint each a delegate to put the river in a navigable state, from Ichaka to Tza.

Seventeenth—Austria, Bavaria, Turkey and Wurtemberg, each add a delegate to the Commission of the Principalities, to form a permanent Commission for the purpose of keeping the river navigable, and to superintend its police.

Eighteenth—The general Commission will be dissolved in two years, and the permanent Commission take its place.

Nineteenth—Each of the contracting powers may station two small ships at the mouth of the Danube.

Twentieth—Russia assents to the rectification of the Bessarabian frontier. The new frontier starts from the Black Sea, one mile east of Lake Bourna Sola, to the Akermann Road, along which it extends to the valley of Trajan, passing south of Belgrade, and reascending the River Yalpack to Savatsika, and terminates at Karmari on the River Pruth. Elsewhere it is unchanged.

Twenty-First—The ceded territory is annexed to Moldavia.

Twenty-Second—Moldavia and Wallachia continue under the sovereignty of Turkey, with the guarantee of all the contracting Powers that no Power shall claim the individual right of interference.

Twenty-Third—The Porte guarantees to the said Principalities the continuance of the freedom of religion and commerce. The contracting Powers appoint a Commission to meet immediately at Bucharest, to report on the present condition and wants of the Principalities.

Twenty-Fourth—The Porte will immediately convoke a Divan in each Principality to learn the wishes of the people as to their definite organization.

Twenty-Fifth—Minutes thereof shall be sent to Paris, where the Constitution shall be framed, which the Porte shall promulgate.

Twenty-Sixth—The Principalities shall maintain a militia, and may construct works of defence approved by the Porte.

Twenty-Seventh—If the internal tranquility of the Principalities be disturbed, the porte must consult the contracting Powers, and cannot employ armed intervention without their consent.

Twenty-Eighth—Servia continues a dependency of the Porte under the guarantee of the Powers, and retains its national administration, and freedom of religion and trade.

Twenty-Ninth—The right of garrison in Servia is reserved to the Porte, but no armed intervention is permitted without the consent of the Powers.

Thirtieth—Russia and Turkey retain their possession in Asia precisely as before the war, but their frontiers are to be marked out by survey.

Thirty-First—The evacuation of Turkey by the Allied and Austrian forces shall take place as soon as convenient. The time and manner of such evacuation shall be the subject of private arrangement between each of the Powers and Turkey.

Thirty-Second—Until new arrangements shall be made, trade shall go on as before the war.

Thirty-Third—A convention (contents secret) concluded between France, England and Russia respecting the Aland Isles, shall be appended to this treaty.

Thirty-Fourth—The ratifications shall be exchanged at Paris, within four weeks.

Before the separation of the plenipotentiaries composing the late Congress of Paris, an important meeting was held on the 8th of April. The business of the meeting related chiefly to the affairs of Greece and Italy. As to Greece little more was determined than that the allied troops would be recalled whenever tranquility and order were restored to that country. There was more difficulty on the Italian question. The *Debats* points out that of the powers assembled at the congress three are Catholic—Austria, France and Sardinia; two belong to the Reformed Church—England and Prussia; Russia is schismatical; and Turkey may be left out of the question. The rights of the Pope and the civil government of the Papal States are bound up in the Italian question. The court of Vienna thinks that the spiritual and temporal powers of the Pope are inseparable, and that if you diminish one you injure the other. Sardinia is Catholic, but not like Austria; rather resembling France, she allows liberty of conscience to all religions. Sardinia does not believe that a better constitution for the Papal States would injure the spiritual power of the Pope. The *Debats* then alludes to a proposition made by the Sardinian government to constitute the provinces between the Po, the Adriatic, and the Appenines, from Ancona to Ferrara, an Apostolic principality, governed by a lay vicar named by the Pope, defended by native troops, and paying a fair share of the expenses of supporting the court of Rome. The restoration of the Code Napoleon to the Papal States is also pointed out as a desirable reform. These prepositions of Sardinia were not made direct to the congress. They were first communicated to France and England, which took the initiative of communicating them to the congress. The representatives both of France and England fulfilled this duty in the sitting of 8th April. The *Debats* then gives a version of the remarks made by the representatives of France and England, corresponding to a great extent with the account of Count Waleski's speech. The only difference of any importance is that the allied diplomatists are represented in the *Debats* as recommending the organization of an administrative system for the Roman States conformable to the spirit of the age, and having for its object the happiness of the people. The Prussian plenipotentiaries expressed a hope that the Pontifical government would soon find itself placed in a condition rendering superfluous the occupation of its states by foreign troops. The plenipotentiaries of Austria declined to discuss any questions relative to the internal policy of independent states not represented in the congress. They also declined explanations on the occupation of the Roman States by Austrian troops, adding that they approved, nevertheless, of the sentiments expressed by the French government, and they entirely assented thereto. The affairs of Naples were discussed in the congress, when the King was condemned, but found defenders. The discussion resulted, it is said, in a declaration that the congress recognizes the benefits in Italy which would follow opportune measures of clemency—especially in the two Sicilies. The *Debats* concludes by stating that Sardinia has addressed to the cabinets of Paris and London a note exposing the condition of Italy, and inviting France and England to consult with Sardinia as to the means of providing an efficacious remedy for the evils at present existing in that country.

The French papers announce the appointment of new bishops to the vacant sees of Amiens and Bayeux. Mgr. Boudinet has been elevated to the first of the above sees, and Mgr. Didiot to the latter. They are both said to be men eminently distinguished for their learning and piety.—A new cathedral is to be erected at Lille, a great manufacturing town, which is to be erected into a bishoprick. The cost of the building is limited to \$700,000.

ENGLAND.—The proceedings are not marked by any thing of special importance. In the House of Lords the church bill was moved by the Lord Chancellor. The house divided on the motion, and the government was defeated by eight votes of a majority.—There was general rejoicing in London on the conclusion of peace, but it seems to have been a pretty costly affair after all, as we learn from a conversation which took place in the House of Commons. Mr. Roebuck inquired who was to pay the expenses of the fire-works displayed in the parks. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that his

consent had been given to the payment of the expenses which should come within £8,000, nearly *forty thousand dollars*. Sir G. Grey said that notwithstanding the display of fire-works and other demonstrations, it would still be open to Parliament, on the question of the terms of the treaty, to impeach government if it was thought necessary.—The correspondence relating to Central America was laid before Parliament; and it stated that the enlistment papers would be ready in a few days.—A great naval review took place on the 23d of April at Spithead, and is said to have been witnessed by a hundred thousand spectators. The fleet numbered over 240 ships of war, big and little, all steamers, with the exception of two; comprised 34,000 horse-power, carried 3,000 guns, and 33,000 men; included 16 gun-boats and three floating batteries, and extended twelve miles along the water, east and west, across Spithead. The fleet formed four squadrons and performed a number of naval manœuvres for the edification of the Queen. Afterwards the fleet made a sham attack on Portsmouth Castle, and the performances were concluded by illuminating all the ships with colored lights.—From a statement in the *Times* we learn that the recent war cost England the enormous sum of £35,000,000, or about \$175,000,000.

Conversions.—On the feast of the Annunciation thirteen converts were received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. D. M. Vesque. They made their renunciation together in the chapel of the convent at Nerwood, in the presence of a large concourse of persons, many of whom were Protestants. The conversion of Mr. Hutchins, a member of the House of Commons, from Symington, gave rise to an interesting incident. After having made his recantation, the honorable gentleman appeared at the table of the House and renewed his oath of allegiance according to the Catholic form. It is stated that upon his conversion he at once offered to vacate his seat in Parliament, and had actually applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, but that the circumstances having become known to his leading constituents (including some dissenting ministers), they requested him not to resign, insisting he had a right to his own conscientious convictions as well as themselves. This proceeding is highly creditable to all parties, and the right feeling thus exhibited towards Mr. Hutchins indicates returning liberality among the English people, to which they had been strangers since the unfortunate ecclesiastical titles bill. It is to be hoped it may be only the commencement of a better era in the politico-religious history of the country. Mr. Hutchins and Lord Edward Howard are the only Catholic members in the House representing English constituencies.—The Jesuits in Liverpool have in course of erection a handsome building adjoining their church, intended for a collegiate school. They have built, with the assistance of a grant from the education committee of the privy council, capacious poor schools which were recently opened. The Fathers have also determined to open a night school for boys, young men, and persons more advanced in life, whose education has been neglected.—The students of Oxford College hissed Gavazzi who had been brought there to lecture on Popery; they called him "Apostate, Judas," &c., and cheered for the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman, the University, &c.

IRELAND.—The Redemptorist Fathers still continue to give missions in different parts of the country, attended with the happiest results.—The Jesuit Fathers also lately concluded a mission in Newmarket-on-Forgus, which was crowned with numerous blessings to the inhabitants of that place. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Vaughan at the close of the mission administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over one thousand persons, the majority of whom were adults. At a meeting of the Corporation of Limerick, lately held, Mr. Cullen gave notice that at the next meeting of the Corporation he would move that petitions be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying for the appropriation of the revenues of the Church of England and Ireland to secular purposes, namely—the relief of the poor, the payment of grand jury cess, and the education of the people, and that a committee be appointed to prepare such petitions.—*St. Patrick's Cathedral.*—The Primate and Committee of this noble building have recently presented a report of its present condition. After thanking the bishops and clergy in Ireland, their

brethren in America, and the collectors in both countries, for their charity and zeal, they then state that the triforium as also the clerestory of choir and transepts have been completed throughout. The three great windows may vie in splendor of design with any thing in Europe.—Much excitement has been created by the murder of a woman named Kelly. The deed was perpetrated in open day by two persons disguised as women. The unfortunate victim had lately been engaged in a long law suit with certain persons called Thewles, and gained her cause; it is supposed that it was to avenge their real or imaginary wrongs, that dictated the atrocious deed.—*The late Sadlier's Liabilities.*—The report of the committee of investigation has been published. It appears that shares were forged on one of the railroad companies to a large amount. The shares wrongfully issued in duplicate, are stated to be £19,700; the over issued obligations amount to £12,263. But of these latter a large proportion are held in deposit merely. The nominal value of the shares originally and duplicates over issued by Mr. Sadlier is £275,591, for which the company did not receive any consideration. The gross total of Mr. J. Sadlier's liabilities to the company are estimated at the enormous sum of £346,412, or about a million and a half of dollars.—The Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin has issued a pastoral in reference to the restoration of Peace, from which we extract the following for the edification of our readers:

"The late war, indeed, has shed renewed lustre on our holy religion, and given our Church fresh claims on the affection and admiration of the world. In the midst of the din of arms and universal strife her rights have been recognized and proclaimed in extensive and powerful kingdoms, and she has been restored to the exercise of that freedom to which her divine origin gives her a full claim. Even in the countries where she was lately persecuted in the most cruel manner a new era appears to have dawned, and we may expect that our brethren in the regions of the East and North will soon be able to enjoy the protection of just laws, and to profess their religion without fear of molestation. And have not our brave Catholic countrymen and our powerful Catholic allies shown that the religion they professed, the faith which was dearer to them than their lives, tends to promote discipline, obedience, patience, and resignation, and to inspire the soldier with courage, and to prepare him to sacrifice his life for his country's good? How many brave Catholics have illustrated those principles by their daring actions in the distant regions of the East, and, alas! how many of them, in their career of glory, have shed their blood—how many have been consigned to a lonely grave on the inhospitable shores of the Crimea! Let then, the bigots be silent who pretend that the Catholic religion is hostile to the development of the human mind or to the exercise of the most exalted virtues. And what shall we say of the Catholic chaplains that accompanied the allied armies? Their zeal and devotedness, their courage and sacrifices, have merited universal praise. Many of them have laid down their lives in the service of their brethren, thus giving a most perfect proof of the charity which burnt within them. And can we pass in silence those devoted spouses of Jesus Christ, the Sisters of Mercy and Charity? With unexampled heroism and devotedness, leaving their solitude, they determined to encounter all the dangers of contagion, of pestilential climates, and of war, in order to afford relief and consolation to the dying soldier. Their labors, their sufferings, their charity and zeal, must excite the admiration of every true Christian."

RUSSIA.—A Brussels journal says that the coronation of the Czar will take place about the 31st of August, and with great pomp. It is stated in a letter from Constadt, published yesterday, that a squadron of five war steamers has been ordered to be prepared for sea by the middle of May, and the idea is, that the Emperor and one of his brothers intend visiting France, as instructions have been received to engage pilots well acquainted with the coast of England and France. Shortly after the treaty of peace the Emperor visited Moscow, accompanied by the Grand Dukes Constantine, Michael, Nicholas and a numerous staff. The Emperor made a speech to the nobles, stating that he had signed the treaty of peace. He said: "Russia was able to defend herself for many years to come, and I believe that no matter what forces were brought against her, she was invulnerable on her own territory. But I felt that it was my duty, for the real interest of the country, to lend an ear to proposals compatible with the national honor. My father, of imperishable memory, had his reasons for acting as he did. I know his views and I adhere to them from my very soul, but the treaty of Paris has obtained that which it was my ambition to obtain, and I prefer this to war."

SWITZERLAND.—Under every change Switzerland still retains her inherent hatred to Catholicity, and seeks every occasion to put it in practice. In St. Gall and Thurgau, the civil power has just founded mixed schools, and suppressed the Catholic schools in the less populous parishes, in order to form one school out of several *communes* of different religions.

While in Austria, in Belgium, and even in Prussia, mixed schools are disappearing, they are being imposed on Switzerland by legislation. The object is to prepare Switzerland for a republic, one and indivisible, by rooting out of the minds of the young Catholic principles, and the traditions of cantonal sovereignty. To show the zeal with which Free-Masons and demagogues persecute Catholicity in Switzerland, two facts may be instanced:

The educational department forbade the pupils of the St. Gall Lyceum to assist the offices of Holy Week, especially prohibiting them from joining in the religious chants at the cathedral.

The government has forbidden Mgr. the Bishop of St. Gall to inaugurate the new railway by Ecclesiastical benediction. The company invited the Bishop to bless the railway, the programme was printed and distributed, when, by superior orders, the company was compelled to withdraw the programme, and omit the article relating to the Episcopal benediction.

CANADA.—It is with pleasure we announce that the Holy Father has acceded to the earnest solicitation of the Canadian Hierarchy, and erected two new sees in Upper Canada, one at London and the other at Hamilton. The Very Rev. P. A. Pensinault, the most pious and learned Archdeacon of Montreal, is the new Bishop of London. The new diocese will consist of the counties of Middlesex, Elgin, Essex, Kent, Lambton, Huron, Perth, Oxford, and Norfolk. It contains a Catholic population of about 35,000. The Rev. J. Farrell, missionary in the diocese of Kingston, is the new Bishop of Hamilton. He has been for many years in Petersboro', and is represented to us by our friends in that locality as a priest of extraordinary talent and piety. The diocese of Hamilton will consist of the counties of Wentworth, Haldimand, Brant, Halton, Waterloo, Wellington, Grey, Bruce, Manitoulin Islands, Sault Ste. Marie, and the missions of Lake Superior, to the boundaries of the diocese of Bytown and St. Boniface. In this diocese there are about ten separate schools, and a Catholic population of over 25,000 souls. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Connolly, Bishop of St. John, lately made a visitation of his diocese, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to more than 3,000 persons. He also made arrangements for the erection of five new churches.

MEXICO.—Mexico has long been a prey to the ambition of aspiring individuals. Comonfort at length triumphed and succeeded in gaining the head of the government; Tamariz resisted his authority, but was unsuccessful. Puebla, his head quarters, was stormed and taken, and Comonfort, under the pretense that the clergy assisted the revolting party, confiscated, it is said, some fifty millions worth of church property to the use of the state. Against this act of injustice the Bishop of Puebla protested, and many of the chief officers refused to carry the decree into execution. It is stated that the Archbishops of Mexico have offered \$600,000 to have the decree revoked.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Religious Reception.*—Miss M. Frances Adam, called in religion Sister Mary Peronne, received the white veil and the habit of religion at the Convent of the Visitation in this city on the 13th inst.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Joseph's, on Sunday the 6th inst., to one hundred and nineteen persons, several of whom were converts.

2. **ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.**—We learn from the *Leader* that the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo, at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis, conferred Minor Orders on a seminarian at St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, on the 21st of April. On the following day, the same Right Rev. Prelate conferred sub-deaconship on

Mr. Wm. Ryan; and on the 23d, he conferred tonsure on several seminarians, and ordained the Rev. Wm. Ryan deacon, and on the day following conferred minor orders on eight seminarians, and raised the Rev. Mr. Ryan to the dignity of priesthood.—It is worthy of being placed on record that the net proceeds of the Ladies' Fair, held at St. Louis lately, amounted to \$7,549 15.

3. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on one hundred and twenty-eight persons, at the Cathedral of Cincinnati, on the 11th of May; and twenty-three were confirmed by the same Most Rev. Prelate, at St. Bernard's, on the festival of the Ascension, and twenty-seven at Reading in the afternoon of the same day.

4. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—A new church was dedicated in Medford recently by the Right Rev. Bishop of Boston. The Right Rev. Prelate preached on the occasion.—An interesting scene was witnessed in Boston, on the occasion of the exhibition given by the children of Father Huskin's church. The children of various Catholic Sunday schools attended the exhibition, forming a procession nearly a mile in length.

5. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—On the morning of the 20th of April the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, visited Bedford, and administered Confirmation to a large number of persons. Among those confirmed were several converts to our holy faith; one of them an aged lady over eighty years of age. She was led to inquire into the doctrine of the Catholic Church from the calumnies she had heard uttered against it, another consoling evidence of the fact, that persecution results in benefitting the cause of Catholicity. The Rev. Mr. Heyden preached on the occasion.

6. **DIOCESE OF MAINE.**—Deeds of outrage still characterize the town of Ellsworth, Maine, rendered infamous by its treatment of Father Bapst. The church which was an ornament to the village, had been repeatedly battered with stones, the windows broken, and the building otherwise defaced, and was finally destroyed by fire, on Sunday night, the 27th of April. That it was the work of an incendiary is generally conceded, as there had been no fire in the church for more than a week.

7. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—It is gratifying to witness the daily evidences of the increase and permanent foothold which Catholicity is acquiring in the country. Among these the incorporation of the College of the Immaculate Conception, at Plaquemine, by the Legislature of Louisiana, is not the least. This flourishing institution was only founded in 1853, and now numbers about 130 pupils. By the act of incorporation it is enabled to confer honorary and scientific degrees, thus removing the inducement for the youth in the vicinity of its location to seek education away from home.

8. **DIOCESE OF ALBANY.**—On Friday, May 16th, the Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey, in the Cathedral at Albany, conferred the order of deaconship on the Rev. Miles J. McEnteer, and on the following day raised the same Rev. gentleman to the order of priesthood.

9. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the church of Francis Xavier, on the 15th of May, to two hundred and ninety-three persons. Two hundred and forty-eight made their first Communion on the same day. On Ascension day the same Most Rev. Prelate confirmed two hundred and twenty-eight persons at the Redemptorist church in the city of New York.

10. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—Since the fact has been ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the beloved Bishop of Hartford was on board the Pacific, and probably lost with her, a question of some interest has arisen concerning the property held by the prelate for the benefit of the Church in his diocese. At first it was thought that the property would be confiscated to the State by a recent act of the Legislature of Connecticut; it appears, however, from subsequent statements and closer examination of the law, that the property will only vest in the State until the congregations, in which the property is located, shall form themselves into corporations, when the property will be deeded by the Treasurer of the State to such corporations.

OBITUARY.—The diocese of Louisville has sustained a severe loss in the death of the Rev. Robert Burns, who died, after a lingering illness, on the 8th of April. *May he rest in peace.*